

A TOUR  
THROUGH  
THE THEATRE OF WAR.

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[PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.]

A TOUR

THROUGH

THE



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**A TOUR**  
**THROUGH**  
**THE THEATRE OF WAR,**  
**IN THE MONTHS OF**  
**NOVEMBER and DECEMBER, 1792.**  
**And JANUARY, 1793.**  
**INTERSPERSED WITH**  
**MILITARY AND OTHER ANECDOTES.**  
**TO WHICH IS SUBJOINED**  
**AN EXACT AND AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH**  
**OF**  
**LOUIS XVI.**

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THE SECOND EDITION.

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WITH THE ADDITION OF AN APPENDIX.

Containing a statement of the temper and resources of the French Nation, at the commencement of hostilities between France and England, with some considerations on the relative situation of the two Countries.

*Terrorum et fraudis abunde est;  
Siant belli causæ; pugnatur cominus armis.*

VIRGIL.

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A TOUR

THROUGH

THE THEATRE OF WAR

IN THE EAST

AND WEST

IN 1914-15

BY

MILITARY AND OTHER ANECDOTES



LONDON

PUBLISHED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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**I**N this age of invidious misrepresentation and arbitrary conclusions, the Author is aware that some of the political sentiments he has manifested may expose him to censure. He therefore begs leave to make here his political profession of faith. Though a friend to the great and general principles of liberty, he is not the less an enemy to licentiousness, disorder, and cruelty; and though averse to every species of despotism, he is not the less attached to the prosperity and interest of his country, or the less inclined to give it his little support in the war.—Were any man unjust enough to say that these latter sentiments are incompatible with one another, he would pass the severest satire on the British Government.

2

THE Reader is earnestly requested to correct  
the following *errata* and inaccuracies, as they very materially  
affect the grammar and sense of the work.

Page line

- 3 15, for "wore" read "worn."
- 20, for "posterity" read "futuraity."
- 4 note, for *banditti* read *banditi*, the Italian of banished men.
- 8 8, after "some of rhem" insert "were."
- 12 15, for "was" read "were."
- 13 the last, for "were," read "was."
- 19 4, for "tabes" read "talus."
- 26 the last, for "to," read "by."
- 31 7, for "sacrifice," read "sacrifices."
- 33 4, for "is" read "has."
- 38 12, for "seven hundred" read "near five hundred."
- 40 18, for "red balls" read "red-hot balls."
- 48 2, for "has he ever been," read "was he ever."
- 49 the last, for "above one" read "one above related."
- 52 13, for "laid" read "paid."
- 56 14, *dele* "there."
- 57 1, "for "are" read "were."
- 4, "for "veriest," read "forriest."
- 61 3, for "with" read "against."
- 72 4, for "shoe" read "shoes."
- 77 9, after "pocket-book" insert "she."
- 13, after "that of" insert "a."
- 97 6, for "fifty-five" read "fifty-three."
- 100 6, instead of a full stop put a comma.
- 127 14, for "we" read *us*.
- 19, for "opinion," read "opinions."
- 129 10, after "his own house" insert "—Yes:"
- 142 the last, *dele* "another."
- 148 4, for "become" read "behave."

# TOUR

THROUGH

## THE THEATRE OF WAR.

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**T**HE rapid succession of interesting scenes acted in France within three or four months preceding this Tour, a period the most critical, and most decisive of the Revolution, had been exhibited with such a strange contrast of colour ; there was something so dissonant from common-sense, and the common course of events in the opinions vulgarly entertained concerning the state of that country ; I had heard so much of a petty faction lording it over a mighty nation ; I had heard

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so

so much of a band of ragamuffins driving before them the most powerful, and best disciplined armies in Europe; I had heard so much of all religion being destroyed, because all religions were tolerated, that I could not help feeling a wish to visit the seat of these supposed wonders, and to see if such things really were. No stranger to the manners, the language, and the customs of the French, and not totally destitute of acquaintance in the provinces that have been so lately the theatre of war, I thought I might be as good a judge of the spirit, and resources of the French nation, as many who undertake to decide upon the subject, without having ever set a foot in France. My means of writing are certainly not equal to my means of observation; but still I hope, that while "I extenuate nothing, nor set down aught in malice," the honest truth will in some degree atone for poverty of diction, and the want of a polished style. So much by way of preface.

I leave

I leave to fashionable travellers, who ride and write post, to relate the trifling occurrences of the road, the merits of the inns they put up at, and the quality of their fare. Nothing worth mine or my reader's notice happened on the way to Dover; and I should have left Dover alike unnoticed, had it been only what it usually is, the residence of inquisitorial custom-house officers, and imposing mariners. But there was a colony of French emigrants there. Their wan faces, and melancholy looks, bespoke the cares that preyed upon their minds, and their squalid dress betrayed their poverty. "Sharp misery had wore them to the bone." I saw them stand upon the beach, eying wishfully the dear natal land, to which they dared not to return. All consideration of their deserts laid aside, my heart bled for them; and my imagination looking into posterity, I thought I saw them here, as on the other borders of their country, pining in suspense and doubt for many

a tedious day ; uncertain whether they should stay to starve abroad, or dare the vengeance of the laws at home ; waiting in hopes of some relaxation in the severity of the decrees, or of some small assistance from the friends they might have left behind, till expectation, and their means of existence, worn out together, they should be driven to despair. Then reverting to times past, I compared them to the exiles in the factions that distracted Italy some centuries ago, who, left without any other resource, gave, by their depredations, to the term *banished men* \* the signification of robbers. Is it not to be feared, that, from the same cause, the word emigrant may suffer the same perversion † ?

Luckily for me, and for my readers, the master of the packet-boat came to stop the

\* *Banditti*.

† This speculation was not vain, for since this was written, some of the emigrants in Germany have been driven to these desperate courses.

course

course of these gloomy ideas, by telling me that the wind was fair. It was strong also, and our passage was proportionably rough and speedy. I had stepped on shore at Calais, still staggering with the effect of the sea-sickness, but pleased at the same time to find, that, like Anteus, I gained fresh strength from touching my mother earth, when I perceived a bayonet at my breast. *Arretez*, said a boy about fifteen years of age, who, as Mr. Shandy would have said, was no higher than my leg. I stopped; and immediately some more of the same small infantry surrounded the whole of the living cargo unloaded from the packet-boat. Thus made prisoners, as soon as we got footing on the land of liberty, we were conducted first to a small office, where we gave in our names, and from thence to the municipality. The examination of myself, and *compagnon de voyage*, was short. The mayor, indeed, on finding himself answered in better French than he expected,

asked me what proofs I had about me of my being an Englishman. None, said I, but a few guineas. The mayor readily conceived the implication, that no emigrant would return with a guinea in his pocket, smiled, said our faces sufficiently attested our country, and told us we might go.

Some of our fellow-travellers were not so fortunate : three of them, *reckoning without their host*, had added to their names that of the inn at which they were going to lodge. Unluckily, being real or supposed emigrants, their lodgings proved to be the gaol, where they found seven and twenty companions of both sexes, crowded indiscriminately into the same room, and lying on straw in a situation truly pitiable. To confinement, to severe treatment, and to scanty fare, was joined the hourly dread of falling victims to popular fury. The very evening before we landed, a regiment of volunteers, lately levied on the  
coasts

coasts of Picardy, having received the order to march, swore they would not leave the *Aristocrats* behind them, but would carry their heads to the frontiers. Like true Frenchmen, sudden in their resolves, and still more sudden in putting them into execution, they assembled, howling like savages, around the prison, and with taunting threats began to assail the doors. But on the first notice being given, the drums beat to arms, all the citizens of Calais assembled, and with great difficulty withdrew the ruffians from their prey. In the mean time, the wretches within were in the most fearful trepidation. The poor women, in particular, mindful of the massacres of Paris and Versailles, thought their fate was certain, and were so much affected, that their fright had nearly occasioned what they feared. Bleeding and other medical assistance were hardly sufficient to restore two of them to their vital functions.

We came to Calais in time to see one battalion of this regiment march away, and to say truth, their appearance accorded well with the bloody purpose they had manifested the evening before. There was no uniformity in their uniforms, nor any thing like equality in their size. Their arms were rusty, their accoutrements dirty, and some of them in the common dress of peasants. But in their looks was much determination, and though only embodied a month before, they marched and performed a few military motions with tolerable precision. The native *allegresse* of the French was here exhibited in lively colours. Some were laughing; some were singing in the ranks; some had their ammunition bread stuck upon their bayonets, and some had fiddles tied to their knapsacks—*Vive l'égalité*—No regard to rank and dignity is here a check to the freedom of social intercourse. While the first company was waiting on the square for the rest, the captain,

tain, who was mounted on one of the veriest jades I ever saw, amused his men, by showing off the paces of his steed, and his own horsemanship. They were worthy of one another. He was, however, the admiration of his soldiers. *Parbleu*, said one, *mais il monte bien*—*Sacre'bleu*, *comme il y va*, said another. This display might have lasted till his horse would have been incapable of the march; but luckily the rest of the battalion soon came up, and the whole marched away with most characteristic cheerfulness, and unconcern. Many of them chaunted the Marseilles hymn, and many of them bade the inhabitants of Calais farewell! *Adieu*, said they, *bons citoyens de Calais; nous allons voir s'il y a des ennemis*.

At this moment an officer stepped up to us, who, by the ease and familiarity of his address, seemed a true Frenchman of former times. *Ces messieurs sont Anglais?* said he, and without waiting for our answer, continued:

nued : “ I have much esteem for the English ; they are a generous nation ; they send us muskets and knapsacks.” The English, said I, have little claim to generosity on that account : they send you muskets for your money ; a Jew or a Dutchman would do the same. *C'est égal*, said he. I thought, however, that one compliment deserved another, and so I began to praise the apparent confidence of the soldiers who had just marched away. 'Tis true, said he, the poor fellows have but just put on the military harness, and yet they are absolutely careless of life. All our volunteers are the same. Formerly a village was a scene of desolation, when the *subdelegué* wanted a man or two for the militia. But now myriads of men spring up armed out of the earth. Inspired by the word liberty, they fight with an ardour unheard of before. 'Tis a perfect rage. They go foaming at the mouth to the attack of a battery, with as much contempt of the enemy's

my's fire, as if they had been fed all their lives upon bullets. But I am sorry to say, that a lamentable spirit of insubordination and cruelty prevails among them. It is a disgrace to the nation.

At dinner I thought I had discovered one of the causes of the latter propensity. Some itinerant musicians came in, and played us *Ca Ira* and the Marseilles hymn. After these they gave us a tune, which had at the conclusion a passage of such peculiar expression, that I could not help asking its name. It is, said a pretty little Savoyard girl, with the softest smile imaginable, it is the favourite air *Coupez lui le cou* (off with his head.) The French officer's remark recurred to my mind. 'Tis a disgrace to the nation, said I. Luckily, however, the French music has little influence over the passions. If it were as powerful as that of the Greeks is said to have been, it would be dangerous to come into a country,

try, where the national tunes suggest no ideas, but those of hanging\* and cutting of throats.

Here I cannot help recollecting, that at the moment I was preparing to set off for the continent, one of my friends took me by the arm. But, said he, you run a risk of starving in the country you are going to. There is no fear of that, said I, for if the French find they have too many mouths, they have nothing to do but to cut off a few more heads. True, said he, shaking *his*; I did not think of that; you are sure of not wanting bread any way. I thought, however, that it was worth while to enquire, whether this prophecy of famine was likely to be realized. Questions of this kind I never ask of the richer ranks. They are a barometer that affords very fallacious indications of national

\* The air *sa ira* recommends the taking of the Aristocrats to the lanthorn.

prosperity.

prosperity. They are the top of the tree, that flourishes while the trunk is hollow and decayed. I therefore addressed myself to a poor woman, and asked her the price of bread. I do not know, said she, I bake my own. My wheat costs me 40 livres the raziere\*; 'tis an unheard-of price; but yet it is of easy purchase. Unriddle me this, *ma bonne*, said I. It is, answered she, because every kind of labour is well paid. One blessing, at least, said I to myself, has then resulted from the revolution.

Nor is this the only one, for, unless I am much deceived, it has already effaced a part of the prejudices, which, like our English channel, formed a barrier between the two nations. The name of Englishman commands respect. Every body we met with at their public tables were eager to treat us with

\* A measure containing 240 French pounds.

distinguished

distinguished attention. It seemed as if our fellow claim to freedom, and our honourable neutrality, had made us brothers. And, indeed, I soon found myself dubbed a citizen. Calais having nothing to detain our attention, I went to the municipality for a passport, and finding myself in a public office with many other persons whose heads were covered, I kept mine covered also. Please to take off your hat, said the *Greffier*. I did so. He then led me to a standard, and measured me with the greatest care and precision. From thence returning to his desk, he began to survey my face, as if drawing my portrait. Take off your hat, said the *Greffier* again. I thought this rather too much; but I complied. It was to examine the height of my forehead. But my nose was the feature that gave the *Greffier* the greatest trouble. *Par tous les diables*, said the *Greffier*, I do not know what to make of this nose. *Mon camarade*, added he, addressing himself to a Frenchman

Frenchman who was standing by, what do you call that nose? It is not aquiline? *Ma foi, non*, answered he, it is not aquiline. This curious discussion continued some time longer, and I began to think it ridiculously tiresome; but my loss of patience was compensated by the gratification of my vanity, when I found, that for want of an appropriate epithet for my nose, it was styled in general terms *bien-fait*. At last I obtained my passport, containing a very particular description of my person, with the title *citoyen* prefixed to my name.

This title *citoyen* is the only one now in use, and is interchanged between people of every degree. It is the touchstone, the *shibboleth* as it were of the enemies of the revolution. They seem to be choaking when they pronounce it; nor does it ever fail to be accompanied by some insidious observation. At the *table d'hôte* at Calais there was a gentleman,

tleman, who had been pointed out to me as one of those *Aristocrats*, that wander about the country, to avoid the ill-will and molestation to which they might be exposed by the publicity of their principles at home. Finding the eyes of the company drawn upon him by his addressing every body in the old discriminating style, he determined that if he should make use of the new one, he would at least have his jest, and said to the waiter, whether would you wish me to call you *citoyen-garçon*, or *garçon-citoyen*. Such petulant imprudence, and such useless scoffs, have brought ruin upon many friends of the old government. It was such conduct that occasioned the death of him who is called the innocent prisoner, murdered on the 2d of September. When his barbarous self-created judges had absolved him from all blame, and ordered him to be conducted home, the crowd, as was their custom, desired him to cry, *Vive la nation*.

A fig

A fig\* for the nation, exclaimed he, and was immediately torn to pieces.

The diligence with which we saw them working at such parts of the fortifications of Calais as stood in need of repairs, convinced us that they are determined to be prepared for an attack from any quarter whatever; and that the patriotic gifts of individuals do not tranquilize them as to the intentions of our government, and the spirit of the nation at large. *Timent Danaos & dona ferentes.*

The next morning, Nov. 23, we hired a carriage, and set off for Dunkirk. The English newspapers had foretold a famine in France with still more assurance than my friend had done: they said that one crop had spoiled upon the ground, and that the want of

\* The expression made use of was too gross for an exact translation.

hands had denied the culture that could alone insure a future one. Our eyes contradicted the latter part of this information, and the inhabitants universally concurred in destroying the credit of the former. The harvest they said, had been abundant, and the corn well housed. How hard that the French nation should be thus doomed to starve, that a few needy *garretteers* may live !

The high state of tillage that we had observed near Calais soon disappeared ; for we soon reached a country that does not admit of cultivation. A barren sandy waste extends, I was going to say, all along the rest of the road ; but road there is none. When one track over the common is too much worn, the driver is obliged to seek another, at the risk of overturning the carriage, or of being obliged to turn back. No such accident however happened to us. We passed through Gravelines, and reached Dunkirk in safety.

The

The fortifications of both these towns are in excellent order, and round the whole of the latter two rows of palisadoes, one in the covered way, the other on the *tabes* or slope into the ditch, have been lately set up, to prevent the possibility of insult. Within the ramparts, two *cavaliers* have also been erected, that overlook and command the country towards the Austrian Netherlands, to a considerable distance.

In the gaol at Dunkirk were eighty-nine emigrants, who were no better lodged than the poor wretches at Calais, and among whom was the Duchess of Choiseul-Stainville. Being strongly suspected of having contributed large sums to the common stock at Coblenz, she was treated with great severity; nor was it till after some time, and much solicitation, that she obtained rather better accommodations in a kind of Magdalen Hospital, called the *Filles Penitentes*. When

Lewis the Fourteenth's Queen proposed sending the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos to the same place, she was told by the French wit, Malherbe, that Ninon was neither *fille* nor *penitente*. This saying will not altogether apply to the Duchess. *Fille* she certainly is not ; but by this time she may reasonably be suspected to be *penitente*.

While most people in England are accusing the French of a disregard to all laws, human and divine, and of invading all property without scruple or remorse, their conduct in regard to our nation seems to prove the contrary. Both at Gravelines and Dunkirk, we found the English nuns excepted from the general proscription, living unmolested, and in the enjoyment of their usual revenue.

The only person we were acquainted with at Dunkirk being absent, we enquired of our landlord at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, whether there

there was any one in the house who might choose to consolidate his supper with ours, and were told that there were several gentlemen who would not be sorry to sup in company. We sat down, and politics, as usual, were the topic, on which a Frenchman was descanting, according to his own national expression, *à tort & à travers*, with equal shallowness and self-sufficiency. There was another at table to whom nobody seemed to attend; for his dress was so plain, that it might almost be called mean. His appearance, in a word, was that of a quaker, but of a quaker in dishabille. The first objections he modestly made were answered with words and looks strongly significant of contempt; but his triumphant adversary soon perceived much meaning under the simplicity of his speech, as he might have observed the finest linen beneath his rustic coat. In proportion as one sunk, the other rose, till both found their proper level. The flippant Frenchman

(*Maraviglié diro*) was abashed, while the other gave him a lesson of profound philosophy, delivered with all the eloquence of an orator. But as generous as he was powerful, he did not pursue his conquest far ; for breaking the chain of his reasoning, he condescended to give us some anecdotes of himself, highly characteristic of his disposition. He said, that some time before a friend had introduced an African Captain to him. As I neither knew him nor his errand, added he, I made him stay and dine ; but when I found that he was come to propose my being an adventurer in his infamous expedition, I told him, that as he was at dinner, till dinner should be over, I was his humble servant ; but I begged him never to come within my doors again. Captain, said I, I am the tenderest hearted man alive : I should weep if my little kitten *s'étoit seulement fait mal à la patte* ; and yet I should like to see you hanged. Heavens ! how happy I should be to see you hanged.

hanged. The captain did not know how to take it ; but I ran no risk ; the feelings of a dealer in human flesh are not easily offended.

Oh ! but I had a better adventure than this the other day, continued he ; I converted a capuchin friar. *Oh ! le grand miracle !* The whole order of St. Francis never performed so great a one. He had been in Africa too. I began by telling him he was a villain. Ho ! ho ! at first he seemed inclined to be angry ; but he was as poor as a mendicant, and I was giving him a good dinner ; so that I had time to prove my assertion, and at last I made him confess that he was indeed a very great scoundrel. When I had thus obtained his confidence, he told me his story. He had taken the oath, he said ; but his parishioners were so much attached to superstition, and their nonjuring priest, that they stoned him whenever he made his appearance among them. I told him to advance to meet their

blows, and to present his back fair to their cudgels, and that not a man in the village would have the heart to strike him. He took my advice, and I find it succeeded ; for I have not lost sight of him ; I am proud of my proselyte. *O le grand miracle ! que d'avoir converti un capucin !*

The person who was entertaining us with these, and many a curious tale beside, proved to be a gentleman of independent fortune, and a member of the National Convention. And a noble and an excellent original he is. The simplicity of his dress is contrasted with the most easy and refined politeness, while his lessons of philosophy are delivered with a kind of childish sportiveness, that disarms envy, and conceals his superiority even from those who listen to him with admiration. Indifferent as to his own ease and accommodation, he endeavours, with the most extensive philanthropy to accommodate and gratify  
every

every body about him ; and while avowing himself an atheist \*, he expresses his hearty regret at being so. Many of his political opinions would astonish our countrymen, who, as the respectable Burke very truly says, *cherish their prejudices* ; but will it be very easy to refute them ?—Of that I am no judge.

He contends, that there is a vice in the civil polity of almost every state in Europe, that is necessarily the parent of revolution, creating all the misery and crimes that afflict the great mass of mankind, and driving them to insurrection as a last resource. The go-

\* I am aware, that any praise bestowed upon a man of metaphysical opinions so erroneous, may expose me to censure in an age, in which uncharitable inferences are drawn with so wide a latitude. I therefore think it necessary to say, that I sincerely lament this gentleman's unfortunate error ; but I pity him at the same time, because I do not think that a man's belief depends upon his will ; nor do I choose to damn him in this world, because I am not certain, that the Great Deity, whose existence he cannot conceive, will damn him in the next.

vernment

vernment draws the money out of the pockets of the poor, to give it, under the denomination of places and pensions, to the rich. The rich avail themselves of this to accumulate property, till at last their Colossal stride reaches from province to province, and the whole land, that seems the birth-right of the community, is monopolized by a few individuals. The rest of the nation is then left at their mercy ; and both the knowledge of mankind and experience prove, that the rest of the nation have nothing to hope for at their hands, but what they can obtain by making *their own* subservient to the support, the luxury, and the pleasure of their lordly masters, who always take care that the salary of their day's labour shall be precisely enough to supply rest and strength for the labours of the next. Thus are they reduced to mere working automata, with neither the means nor leisure necessary to acquire instruction, or to soften their manners to social intercourse and  
 enjoy-

enjoyments; and thus is the human species degraded. The evil, by a necessary progression, grows greater; for the number of rich growing smaller, in proportion as the most wealthy swallow up the rest, the demand for labour becomes less, while the competition for employment increases. A harder bargain is consequently made, till at last the point of sufferance is past; the beast of burden kicks the load off his back, turns to a beast of prey, tears every thing he meets with to pieces, and takes a blind and furious vengeance for all the oppression he has suffered. Of this, continued the Frenchman with a sigh, my country is a lamentable example.

If we want an example of what a more equitable allotment of shares would produce, let us look towards the American United States, and the Swiss cantons, the two most popular governments in the wide world. In these two countries, local circumstances and political

political institutions have discouraged the too great accumulation of landed property. In these two countries, though many are very rich, there is nobody without a small estate in possession or perspective, or without the easy means of acquiring one. The consequence is, that in the first you may sleep in peace with your doors and windows open, and that in the second \* you may with equal security leave your effects on the highway. In both, the government has no standing armies, the *King has no castles*, you hear of no malcontents, and you see no beggars. Crimes and misery, in a word, are equally unheard of. It is then evidently the duty of all good governors to provide for the dissemination of property; not by an equal Agrarian law, that would leave industry without a motive, and stifle the arts at their birth; but by proper

\* This is only true of the cantons, to which the preceding observations apply: the inference is evident.

laws of fucceffion and other equitable means. If they do not, they may, like vampires, feed for a time upon the blood of the people ; but the day will come when their own will be fpilt. This, faid the Frenchman again, has been wofully exemplified by my country, and by many a one before.

After this monopoly of landed property, the grand fource of human vices and misfortunes, the greateft fcourge that can afflict a people is an extenfive foreign commerce. If by the nation be underftood a few merchants, fhip-owners, fhip's hufbands, brokers, bankers, manufacturers, and fical officers, the nation is indeed prosperous when trade is in a thriving ftate. But if by the nation we may be allowed to underftand all thofe not comprized in the above defcription, that is to fay at leaft nine-tenths of the community, the cafe is the reverfe. It is felf-evident that foreign commerce can only confift of expor-  
tation

tation and importation, unless indeed where a people should be merely brokers and carriers for others. It is equally evident, that a country can only export what is produced by the labour of its inhabitants on the soil, or by their drudgery in manufactories. If then no part of what is imported comes to the share of those who drudge and toil, can it be denied, that they give up ease, plenty, and leisure, for nothing ; that the necessaries of life, the enjoyments, and repose of the many, are sacrificed to feed the luxury of the few ? What a noble export trade does Ireland carry on in beef, pork, butter, and flour !—Well, what does the nation at large that live in that fertile country get in return ? The advantage of never tasting meat, bread, or butter ; of feeding on potatoes and butter milk, and sleeping among the litter of their pigs : all which their noble landlords, while drinking French wines, and wearing French silks, assure us is *vastly* conducive to their health !—Oh !

but

but in some other countries, those who furnish all the exports, obtain a small portion of the returns. Yes : from America a noxious and intoxicating weed, an enervating drink from Asia, and from the other parts of Europe liquid poisons, that do indeed for a moment make them forget the sacrifice they cost.

This evil is the offspring of the former ; for if property were divided with any tolerable equality, a man would begin by providing amply for his support, comfort, and enjoyment ; and would only suffer the surplus to be exchanged for foreign superfluities ; nor would he for superfluities condemn himself to incessant labour. I have made an exact calculation, continued he, and I find that four hours of work in a day, in our temperate climates, would suffice for the subsistence and happiness of a man and his family. Those that remain would afford him leisure for instruction and reflection ; and it would  
then

then become impossible for such men to be imposed upon by the cant of a few interested individuals, who assure them that the nation has reached the highest pitch of prosperity, because they themselves have obtained every gratification of riot and luxury that they can devise. But to keep men ignorant, you must make them work, and to make them work, you must keep them ignorant. This is the eternal circle in which rolls the torrent of abuse. I have often heard it said, that heaven made some for enjoyment, and some for toil. I leave to those who believe in the existence of a God to justify him on that head; but I confess that I cannot myself see why those who do nothing should have all, and why those who do all should have nothing.

He held a number of political tenets more extraordinary still. He said when wars were declared by the caprice, or for the interests of Kings, that Kings alone should fight the battles ;

battles; that if nations at large were consulted, hostilities would rarely occur; that a country should never engage in a war in defence of a state, on which it is found it cannot depend for defence; that a minister, who should attempt to embroil his country for futile or insufficient reasons, should be sent abroad, to fulfil in person the engagements he might have made; that the best way to prevent wars would be for every one to understand the use of arms, which is indeed the bounden duty of every freeman; for without the means of resisting oppression, who can flatter himself that he is free?—A large state would then be unattackable, and the fee simple of a small one would not be worth the conquest.

He said, that magistrates who should assume no improper power, could never be afraid of its being wrested out of their hands; and that the majority of a nation has a right

to a bad government, upon the absurd supposition of its choosing such a one, in preference to a good one's being thrust down their throats. But these and many other of his strange opinions I forbear to mention, lest I should expose my new acquaintance to the censure of

Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-houses cry down all philosophy.

Among the singularities of this man's character was his inconsistent mode of travelling. Sometimes rolling rapidly along in an elegant carriage, sometimes slumbering in a diligence, and sometimes trudging with his bag upon his back. This time he chose the public conveyance; and to enjoy his company, we chose it likewise. His greatest fault\*, at least the greatest I could observe in

\* Except his want of faith. I beg to warn all good Christians not to take advantage of my mention of this gentleman's

in so short an acquaintance, was his giving too wide an extension to the maxim, the safety of the people is the first of laws.

At Lisle, where we arrived in the evening, we supped at the table d'hôte, with a great number of officers of volunteer battalions. Their conversation turned upon the contemptible behaviour of the Austrians, who, said they, never showed themselves in the open field ; but always fired from behind entrenchments, houses, hedges, and trees. You cannot, said one, accuse the emigrant regiment of Dillon of this sort of shyness. You must remember their obstinate courage at Commines, where it was my good fortune to take one of them prisoner. When he saw himself surrounded, he called out to me, *Bone Fran-*

gentleman's infidelity, to bring a general accusation of atheism against the National Convention, because calumny, and bearing false witness against one's neighbour, are directly contrary to the spirit of the religion we profess.

*cées*, and I gave him quarter. My men wanted to kill him; but I made him a rampart of my body. Now, would you believe it? When I had conducted him hither, he had the *insolence* to tell me, that as soon as exchanged, he would go and fight again for his King. *C'est un brave homme*, said another. Yes, answered my Dunkirk friend, but one of those brave men *qu'il faudroit assassiner*. Such is the disposition of many patriots, in other respects humane and charitable men. They deem their cause so sacred, and are so exasperated at seeing it unprovokedly attacked, that they think it ought to be supported *per fas & nefas*. This error is no doubt lamentable, but it admits of some excuse.

The officers in whose company we were supping were very different from those I had been used to live with in France. Oh! what a falling off was there! When I heard how profanely vulgar was their conversation, and  
saw

saw the coarseness of their manners, I could not help regretting, for a moment, with Mr. Burke, that the days of chivalry were over, that the unbought grace of life was gone. But when I reflected that they had been chosen by their comrades for their good conduct, and military qualities ; when I had noticed the honourable marks of bravery many of them bore about their persons, and had listened to their relations of some well fought days, I thought that the brilliant tinsel of outward show, was well compensated by this solid merit. In a few years, said I to myself, when those educated for officers shall no longer desert their posts, the French army will not want chiefs of equal politeness and bravery. I said in a few years, and in a few days I found my expectation anticipated ; for I soon perceived that some of the battalions were officered by men of excellent education, and refined manners, though some, as may be gathered from what I have said above, were

quite the reverse. Nor was it unworthy of remark, that the same heaven seemed almost always to run through a whole regiment.

As we were eagerly desirous of seeing the havock done by the siege, or rather by the bombardment of Lisle, we rose the next morning no later than the sun. It shone upon a dismal scene indeed: besides a great part of the *Fauxbourg de Fives*, behind which the enemy had masked themselves, and their batteries, and which was consequently destroyed by the fire of the place, seven hundred houses were levelled with the ground. They were all in the quarter of St. Sauveur. Nor was it without meaning that the attack was directed against that part of the town; for being almost entirely inhabited by poor people, the assailants hoped that, to save the little all they possessed, they would insist upon the Governor's giving up the town. Besides, by these means the Aristocrats without spared  
the

the Aristocrats within, and did little injury to any but the *ci-devant canaille*, whose lives and properties are naturally held in cheap estimation by personages of such elevated rank, as those that directed the attack. This charitable experiment, made according to the old maxim, *in animal vile*, did not however succeed. The poor people, although four hundred of them were killed, were neither discouraged nor terrified into sedition. For nine whole days the shower of shot and shells was incessant, no less than thirty thousand red-hot balls, and seven thousand bombs, being thrown into the city within that period. Nothing could equal the terror of the women : some who sought safety in their cellars, could hardly be kept alive by the administration of cordials ; and several others assured me, that they passed eight nights and days without closing their eyes, and yet without feeling any other inconvenience than lass-

fitude. I think I have often heard medical men affirm, that human nature could hardly support such a long absence of the kind recreation, sleep.

This timidity of the women was not without exceptions; and as to the hardier sex, they began at last to hold the fire of the enemy in perfect contempt. On the ninth morning, a shell falling in the street called *La Rue du vieux Marché aux Moutons*, a large fragment of the globular mass was picked up by a barber. He filled it with water, and taking his wash-ball, asked who would be shaved? Though the French are seldom scrupulously attentive to the cleanliness of their faces, their beards were now more than usually long, their endeavours to prevent the mischief the red balls might do, having given them full occupation for the eight preceding days. A number of them therefore submitted

ted

ted to the operation in the middle of the street, though the fire was at that moment uncommonly severe,

This was the last effort of the Austrians. Immediately after they began to prepare for a retreat, the more shameful as they had expected it the less. When the officer that brought the summons to surrender was conducted to the council of war, and the bandage was removed from his eyes, he cast them around him with a look most strongly expressive of contempt and compassion; so much was he convinced that the town and its defenders were either devoted to capture or destruction \*. This confidence must, no

\* This, and most of the preceding particulars, were communicated to us by a veteran officer, who has commanded the whole body of the national guards of Lille, since its first formation, and to whom we had letters of introduction. He was himself a member of the council of war.

doubt,

doubt, have arisen as much from the easy conquest of Longwy and Verdun, as from their opinion of their own strength. Formidable as was the Duke of Saxe-Teschen's artillery, his army did not exceed eighteen thousand men.

While I was viewing the quarter of St. Saver, that I had formerly seen so well inhabited, and that was now reduced to a scene of desolation and ruin, and reflecting that these heavy calamities were often brought upon a people by the caprice, or for the interests of a single man, I could not repress my indignation. These despotic kings of the continent, said I, would fain be thought God's vicegerents; but, surely, they rather bring with them blasts from hell, to undo the work of creation. At a distance from the wars they ordain, or if there, either hid among the rest of the baggage, or herding with the futtlers, they sit as it were in another

other atmosphere, contemplating the mischief they occasion. Will no avenging fiend rise from out of the bowels of the earth? I had hardly formed the wish, when I thought it was realized. From the midst of a heap of bricks on which my eyes were fixed, I saw a black head, and then a ghastly face slowly ascending. The spectre continued to rise, and I at last perceived that it was a poor man, who for want of better shelter, had buried himself in the cellar of the house he had formerly inhabited. A little trap-door afforded an entrance to his subterraneous abode, of which the unhealthy humidity, joined to his seclusion from the air, and to his state of misery, had, no doubt, given him the corpse-like look that had at first surprized me. On exploring more of the ruins, I found that several other inhabitants had been reduced to take up with similar lodgings.

We

We should have been glad to see what mischief had been done to the ramparts ; but the sentinels forbad all approach to the part that was opposite the point of attack. As far, however, as we could judge from a distant view, the damage was small, as must indeed have necessarily been the case ; for it not being the intention of the Austrians to make a breach, their approaches were never brought within point-blank shot of the place. The ground occupied by their entrenchments we were free to visit, and there we found sufficient proof of the loss they must have sustained, and of the skill of the French gunners, all the holes made by the bombs of the besieged in their fall, being confined within a few paces of the trenches. Nor was their zeal inferior to their skill. Some of the most able among them, who could ill be spared, stood by their pieces of ordnance for eight and forty successive hours.

Besides

Besides the houses levelled with the ground, about fifteen hundred were more or less damaged, the random shot flying to the further extremity of the town. Only one reached the citadel, but that was an unlucky one indeed. It carried away both the legs of an officer, who, deeming himself in perfect security, was talking with his wife at the door of his barrack. He died two hours after.

I was hardly more struck by the ravages of war, than by the absence of the drollish monks, with which the streets of Lille were formerly so much infested. The "black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery," had totally disappeared. This change rejoiced me the more, as I had been witness at that place to a cruel abuse of monastic institutions. Though not perfectly in its place here, I cannot forbear relating it, lest any of my readers should chance to regret the abolition of religious orders.

In

In the severe frost with which the year 1783 ended, and 1784 began, the younger monks at the convent of Carmelite Friars, (*les Grands Carmes*) who had long noticed the mysterious visits of their elders to a particular room, whither they were forbid to go themselves; these younger monks, I say, felt their suspicions, and their jealousy still more excited, by overhearing a nightly conveyance from the same apartment to the infirmary, which happened at that time to be empty. Enraged at not being thought worthy to partake of the secret, they determined it should no longer be one, and went to tell their tale to the King's attorney. He repaired immediately to the convent, and desired to be conducted to the room in question; but when there he was assured by the Superior, that it had long been uninhabited, and that the key was lost. His threats of breaking open the door, however, brought forth the key; he went in, and finding that the room was indeed

deed perfectly empty, he was beginning to regret his trouble and his credulity, when he perceived a second door. The key was again obstinately with-held, and produced with still more reluctance than before. At length he obtained admission, and saw in a cage of wood something of human shape. It was a poor old man, covered with rags and vermin, and overgrown with hair. His beard reached down to his middle, and his whole person exhibited a complete picture of long-sufferings and inveterate despair. Who are *you*, said the King's attorney. I am a father of this order, answered the miserable man. And how long have you been here? I do not know exactly; but I am sure it cannot be less than a century since I was first confined. A man less wretched might easily miscount time, and so did he; for upon investigation it appeared that he had been in that situation *only* thirty-five years. During that period he had never seen an human face, unless that appellation

lation may be given to those of his inhuman gaolers; nor has he ever been removed from his cage, but in that winter, when the uncommon cold, and some small remains of pity, induced the monks to carry him now and then to thaw his blood before the fire of the infirmary. They accused him, as it was natural to expect, of a number of crimes, but his own report, and probably the truth, was, that he had been overtaken in his way to Holland with a woman, whom his vows had not prevented him from loving. The King's attorney ordered him to be removed to another convent, whither every one that could get an introduction went to see him.

While he was a living instance of such barbarity, it was to be feared that the horror, and detestation it must inspire, might lessen the alms and benefactions bestowed on the holy fathers; and hence it was that several persons foretold, that after living so long in  
 confinement,

confinement; he would not long survive his liberty. Their predictions were verified. He died in about a fortnight; it being universally reported and believed at Lisle, that he had been poisoned for the interest of religion; *pour étouffer le scandale.*

As the state often made gaolers of several kinds of friars, it could not blame them for being their own on this occasion. No punishment, therefore, followed his detention, nor was any enquiry made into the convenient promptitude of his death. So happy was the concord that prevailed between church and king in those blest days, before the abominable rights of man were invented, and such was the reciprocal support they afforded to each other. Many instances of this kind have occurred, but as they got little vent abroad, the report being generally stifled in the silence of the cloister, few have been so well authenticated as the above one.

As I am no well-wisher to the arms of the despots, who have brought on France most of the mischiefs of which they complain, who by the violent means with which they attempted to reinstate Lewis XVI. on his throne, tumbled him from thence; and who, by their bloody manifestoes, drove a few desperate Parisians to lay the scenes of blood that have dishonoured the nation, and made so many others hug their chains, I was sorry to hear several officers complain of the want of discipline among the volunteers.

A captain of the eighth battalion, of what department I forget, quartered in the Austrian Netherlands, at six or seven leagues distance from Lisle, told us, that in defiance of the remonstrances of their officers, the men frequently took their muskets and ammunition to kill the poultry of the farmers, and that he had himself found fourteen dead fowls lying on the table of a single mess,  
(*chambrée*).

(*chambrée*). Nay, added he, I was struck the other day by a private volunteer, without daring to complain. The misfortune is, that though they behave with the greatest docility while under the eye of the General, no sooner are they sent on detachment duty, or into separate quarters, than they begin to treat the officers of their own choice with contempt.

When I expressed my surprize at this total forgetfulness of all subordination, why this is nothing, said another officer, to the behaviour of the fifth battalion at Soissons. After cutting off their Colonel's head, they had the audacity to go to the commanding officer of the camp, to ask for straw and faggots to burn the body.

On the 30th, in our way from Lille to Valenciennes, we had an opportunity of learning also what was the conduct of the opposite party. All along the road, as well

as in the suburbs of the former place, we heard nothing but complaints of the spirit of plunder that animated the Austrians ; and if faith may be placed in the concurrence of a variety of reports, there was not a woman that had not reason to blame or to praise them, according to the way in which she received their caresses or their insults. This, however, we remarked, that the fair sex was universally shy of giving us any information of the latter kind, in which their own chastity might suffer by implication. The old women said that the soldiers had laid violent court to the young ; and the young lamented the excesses that had been committed in every village but their own.

At Orchies, where we dined, we were waited upon by the landlady's daughter, a girl whose beauty and delicate appearance made her as likely as she was unfit to be the prey of some rude German grenadier. Were  
you

you not alarmed, Mademoiselle, said my companion, at the visit of the enemy? I was gone out, Sir, said she. This answer, of the truth of which I had my doubts, made us apply for information to her mother. Alas! said she, they plundered every thing they could lay their hands on, and, to complete my misfortune, they murdered my son. He was an inn-keeper, as well as myself. They went to his house, and as they asked him for wine and money, he gave them the former, and rose to reach a key, that he might be able to comply with the latter part of their demand, when one of the villains basely shot him from behind. They killed three other citizens with as little provocation. And your daughter, said I, was she not terribly frightened and afflicted? Alas! poor girl, said the mother, I felt more for *her* than I did for myself.

That their officers, however, did not always tolerate these atrocious excesses, was proved by the shooting of a soldier, who committed a rape on a child of ten or twelve years old in the neighbourhood of Orchies.

All along the road from Calais to Dunkirk, from Dunkirk to Lille, and from Lille to Valenciennes, we hardly saw a man, that had not assumed something of a military garb and appearance. Some had a sword and belt thrown over their shoulders, some had a feather in their hats, and some were fully accoutred. In a word, or rather in the words of Shakespeare, we found them

All furnish'd, all in arms,

All plum'd like estridges.

The diligence with which they were practising the military exercise in many places, and the heartiness in the cause that they expressed in all, would have sufficed to convince

us,

us, that the idea many people in England affect to entertain, of a small faction domineering it over the whole nation, was totally destitute of foundation, had any proof been wanting to overthrow an opinion so indefensible. How is it possible for a small part to oppress the whole, when all are armed?—Yes; but the party averse to the revolutionists, though the most numerous, are afraid to show themselves.—Why, then, what a wretched opinion must they have of their cause, or what sorry dastards must they be! However, to “make assurance double sure,” I conversed with numbers of people, of all ranks, on my way, and found them, with very few exceptions, agreed upon the great principles of liberty. They frequently lamented that many unwise steps had been taken by their representatives, and reprobated the infamous crimes of particular factions; but they considered them, at the same time, as partial and accidental abuses of a system generally

and essentially good. Here and there I met with a man, who openly regretted the old government; nor was it a little remarkable, that the greatest *Aristocrats* I heard speak of politics were employed by the new government in the civil and military line. Let it however be remembered, that the department of the North is one of those the most suspected of Aristocracy.

As I had some acquaintance at Valenciennes, I was in hopes of gathering useful information there, and of obtaining additional letters to the army; but I was disappointed in both respects. Finding nothing there to detain my reader's attention, any more than my own, I shall proceed to Mons with what speed I may. I would not indeed stop an instant on the road; but when accidents happen there is no help for delay.

Post.

Post-horses are not to be got at Valenciennes, nor any other cattle, nor any other conveyance, except the most wretched one-horse-chaise, drawn by the veriest beast in Christendom ; for which we paid double the sum that travelling post would have cost us. Our vehicle was so crazy, that we thought it necessary to send off the heaviest part of our baggage ; but even this precaution was not sufficient ; for scarcely were we out of the town when it broke down. We left the man who attended us for the purpose of driving it back, to get it mended, and to follow us to Quiévrain, where we made a dinner almost as bad, and as dear as our conveyance. We got into it again, and drove off as successfully as before. It had broke down first on the left side, and now it broke down on the right. Our vexation was great ; but it was nothing in comparison of that of our conductor. There is not an obscene word in the French language that he did not utter.

More

More than twenty times he called the chaise  
a *bordel*.

It is strange that a nation so famed for its politeness, and so proud of its refinement, should go to that place for every oath, every term of abuse, and every angry exclamation. We walked on again, and left him to swear, and to follow us to Mons, having paid rather dearly for going seven long Flemish leagues on foot.

Mons, as the name denotes, is situated on a hill of unusual elevation, in the Netherlands, and till its fortifications were dismantled, was a place of considerable strength. The plough now passes over the ground where the outworks stood; but the rampart and ditch that surround the body of the place remain tolerably entire; and palisadoes, and other hasty works of defence, have been added to the strength of the gates. General  
Clairfayt,

Clairfayt, however, did not choose to shut himself up in a town, from whence his retreat might have been cut off, rather preferring to remove the cannon from the walls to a chain of small forts thrown up upon the heights without.

Such of the French officers as had been at the battle of Gemappe, and indulged the least in the figures of amplification, had represented them to us, as rising in three rows above one another, like the seats of an amphitheatre. When we came to the ground, we could discover no such regularity. Some of them were, indeed, more advanced towards the plain than the rest, and were commanded by those behind. The former consisted of two sides of a triangle, while the latter were either constructed like the faces and flanks of a bastion, with the *gorge* left open behind, or else in a square form, that if the flank of the army should be turned, it might have a  
defence

defence for its rear. The heavy rain while we were on the ground, and the occupation given to our minds, by reflecting that it was the scene of such a bloody and well contested action, prevented us from numbering these redoubts. The French officers said they were upwards of thirty; but this I believe was a little exaggeration. Be it as it may, art and nature had conspired to make the position uncommonly strong, and so it was esteemed by General Clairfayt himself. When the emigrants in Mons expressed their fears of his being obliged to retreat, he bad them be under no apprehensions. "If the French enter Mons," said he, "I will eat my horse."

This confidence of the Austrian Chief is a sufficient answer to those detractors from the glory of General Dumourier and his army, who ascribe his victory to the superiority of numbers alone. When other circumstances are nearly equal, Marshal Saxe's observation,  
that

that \* *le bon Dieu est toujours du côté des gros bataillons*, is generally well founded ; but with such vantage of ground as that enjoyed by the Germans, a multitude of men without valour would be of little avail.

The action began early in the morning by a heavy canonade, which continued till the French General, perceiving that his artillery made little impression on the works of the Austrians, gave orders to the different regiments to form for the attack. The enemy observing some of them doing so, under cover of the village of Quaregnor, set it on fire with shot and shells. The effect did not answer their expectations ; for the wind blowing the smoke towards them, favoured the approach of the French much more than the village itself could have done. It required, however, no small effort of cou-

\* God is always on the side of the strongest battalions.

tage to advance along an open plain, exposed to a range of batteries, and redoubts thundering from above, and to the regular and incessant fire of eighteen thousand of the best disciplined troops in Europe.

General Dumourier's two lines might consist of about thirty thousand men, independent of a reserve of a third part of that number. Every step they advanced, they receded from that estimate. The flower of the youth of France was mowed down rank after rank, till impatient of the galling fire, and hoping to make the danger less by closing with it, they rushed on with fixed bayonets, and sword in hand; both of them weapons, in the use of which the French are accustomed to claim a preference. The most forward battalion was that of the national volunteers of *la Vendée*. They leaped boldly into the first redoubt, and driving out its defenders, were advancing with equal courage along the field, which

which they deemed their own, when they saw another fortification of the same kind before them, felt a heavier fire than before, and perceived that all their work was to begin over again. This cooled their ardour: they stopped: they gave way; till at length they found themselves behind the hundred and fourth regiment, that had advanced to their support. Dressed like the Germans, and involved in smoke, it was mistaken for the enemy by the battalion of *la Vendée*, which kept up a heavy fire on its rear, while the Austrian infantry attacked it in front, and the hussars and hullans charged it on the flanks; so that this unfortunate regiment would have been totally destroyed, if the national volunteers had not discovered their mistake, and the French light cavalry had not come to its assistance. In several other places the French were repulsed, and returned to the charge, till by degrees, and after an obstinate resistance, all the foremost of the redoubts were carried,

carried, the necessity of a retreat making the enemy abandon those in the rear with less reluctance.

The line of attack began at the village of Gemappe, situated at a league from Mons, on the Valenciennes road, and extended to the right along a semi-circular range of hills approximating the town. A little wood near the centre was the scene of the greatest carnage. There stood the famous Hungarian grenadiers, and there the greatest part of them fell. It so happened that the same spot where death was most busy, afforded a ready burying-place. Close at hand were three old coal-pits, of no less than six hundred toises in depth, which were so entirely filled up with the bodies of horses and men, that we walked over them. The common report that made the number of dead on both sides amount to ten thousand, could not then be charged with much exaggeration. The greatest part  
of

of the loss, as might naturally be expected, fell upon the French.

The van of the army, commanded by General Dampierre, with whom I was formerly acquainted, attacked the village of Gemappe, and the neighbouring redoubts, and behaved with signal bravery, as did the hussars of Chamborand and Lauzun, inspiring dread and admiration by the vigour of their charge. The whole army concurs in bestowing equal praise on the national *gendarmerie*. This is a numerous body of chosen men, serving part on foot and part on horseback, into which no one can be admitted, that has not at least served what is called a *congé*, or term of eight years. The fearless and irresistible fury with which they fell upon the enemy, sword in hand, was surprizing even in veterans. If any thing could surpass their intrepidity, it was the blind rage of the Belgians, who on that day vindicated the praise bestowed on

F

them

them of old by Julius Cæsar \*. The French, by no means remarkable themselves for the coolness and temperance of their courage, call that of these people hair-brained temerity. Their mode of fighting is peculiar. Careless of any disparity of numbers, they scatter themselves close along the enemies line, and keep up an irregular fire, until their officers, who remain in the rear, thinking it time for them to retire, put their fingers in their mouth, and whistle them back. At other times they maintain an insidious kind of Indian warfare, creeping on their hands and feet through the standing corn to the very muzzles of their enemies guns, to single out their victim; nay, such is their audacity, that more than once a Belgian has been known to steal in the night to an Austrian out-post, and carry off the piles of arms from

\* *Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ.*

the midst of the men to whom they belonged.

The inhabitants of the Low Countries are accused of being thick-witted by their more sprightly neighbours the French, and I have heard it asked, if this total absence of all sentiment of fear, and all sense of danger, be not owing to dullness of intellect? If so, four hundred of them were fools enough to get their brains knocked out at the battle of Gemappe.

Even in the corps that distinguished themselves the most, some individuals outwent their fellows. An officer of the hussars of Chamborand led his troop to the assault of a redoubt. *Allons, braves camarades*, said he, *vaincre ou mourir*, and immediately leaped his horse over the ditch and parapet. His men not being so excellently mounted could not follow him; and when by a circuitous course

they had forced their way through the passage in the rear of the redoubt, they found him lying in the midst of four Austrians he had killed, with no less than thirty-three wounds in different parts of his body. When we were at Mons great hopes were entertained of this brave man's recovery. It would, indeed, be a pity that he should both *conquer and die*.

A private soldier of the vanguard received a ball in the forehead. I am a dead man, said he, but I have still a shot left for the despot's mercenaries. He discharged his piece, and instantly expired\*.

Nor is the courageous presence of mind of the youthful General Egalité, heretofore Duke of Chartres, unworthy of mention. In

\* *Vide* Relation de la conduite de l'avant garde, par le Maréchal de Camp Dampierre.

the thickest of the action, he met with a number of men of different regiments, thrown into confusion, and looking for their respective standards. There is your battalion, said he, pointing to a pair of colours that was advancing successfully towards the city, that is the battalion of Mons. Then putting himself at their head, he led them back to the charge.

The celebrated Voltaire, in what part of his works I forget, enters into a defence of Tasso, and some other heroic bards, who have introduced female warriors in their battles, and goes back a number of centuries to the siege of Damascus, to prove that facts have taken place which justify the fictions of the poet. The French wit little thought that in the lapse of a few years such instances of female courage would be frequent. Besides the two *Mesdemoiselles* Fernig, who are now General Dumourier's Aid-de-camps, there

was another heroine at the battle of Gemappe. She was the mistress of the Colonel of Coubourg's hussars, and served as Lieutenant in the regiment. When she saw her lover killed, she rode into the midst of the French horsemen to revenge his death, was made prisoner, and is still confined to the limits of the town of Mons. A French Colonel, like a true Frenchman, assured me he had tried her courage *corps-à-corps*,

At Lille, and several other places in Flanders, I had seen carriages drawn by dogs, but never till I came to Mons did I see a dog in the shafts, and a horse harnessed before him as leader. There I saw it repeatedly. Determined to derive all possible utility from the canine species, they make them beasts of burthen also. On the road we met with men driving a number of them, with loads upon their backs, as in England we see a sandman drive his asses,

On

On December 6 we set off for Brussels. Desirous of not meeting with the same difficulties in our way that we had experienced in coming from Valenciennes, we hired an excellent carriage, with four horses. This was the more necessary, as we did not leave Mons till the morning was far advanced. We found the road entirely covered with convoys going to the army, with detachments of troops, and with straggling soldiers trudging on to join their respective regiments.

A thaw had lately taken place, the carriages deprived them of the benefit of the pavement, and they were obliged to wade through the mud half way up their legs. Yet still their native gaiety supported them, and on they went, singing *ça ira*, and other patriotic tunes. We took up behind us two of those that seemed the most tired. It is only giving a florin or two more to the coachman, said my companion, and sleeping in the suburbs.

instead of the town. A little further on, as we were going slowly up a hill, I saw a young lad walking very lame, and losing his shoe at every moment in the mud. As he did not call upon pestilence, and the devil to run away them, and the road into the bargain, I was sure he could not be a Frenchman, although he had the national uniform on his back. We asked him if he also would get up behind, and he joyfully accepted our offer. But as the weather was cold, and he seemed weakly, we soon after found means to make room for him in our carriage. I then asked him if he had been wounded.—*Dieu merci*, he had only been cut down at the battle of Gemappe, and then wounded in the foot while lying on the ground, which was the reason of his walking so lame. I told him he was too young to run such hazards, and bear the fatigues of a military life. Too young! said he, with a proud smile, that ill concealed a little indignation, too young! why,

why, I am now nineteen, and near three years ago was shot through the body in the Belgic war. He added, that at the beginning of the present campaign he had been ill of a fever; that he had been sent to the hospital at Maubeuge; that in the time of his convalescence, he had walked out with some of his comrades; that they had fallen in with a party of French, who were engaged with the enemy at Grisoelle; that he had taken up a dead man's musket to have his shot, *-tout comme un autre* and that a ball from the rifle gun of a Tyrolian chasseur had hit him in the neck,

When I enquired into the motives of his taking up arms, he said he had been on the side of the patriots before, and had heard that they were up again, and so he had left his home at Namur, where he had a father, a mother, and a little sister *assez aimable*, and he would leave them again as soon as it should  
 please

please God and the blessed Virgin to cure the lameness of his foot; for a patriot should always fight for his country, and should not mind a wound or two, or a little pain in a good cause. I am now going to Brussels, said he, to see some relations I have there. Go where thou wilt, said I to myself, thou art a brave youth, and not only a patriot, but a philosopher, although I verily believe thou dost not know the meaning of the word.

But for some devastation among the trees, the great number of dead horses on the side of the road, and the moving picture of men and carriages that covered it, we should have had no reason to think we were in the theatre of war. The farmers were as quietly and diligently engaged in their rural occupations, as in a time of profound peace; the rising crop was uninjured by military contention, and the peasantry were dancing in their *guingettes* with the same grotesque gaiety as when they

were

were the subjects of Teniers designs. Nor had the presence of so many armies apparently lessened the abundance that springs from the fertile soil of the Netherlands, or enhanced the price of the necessaries of life.

The face of the country, the persons of the inhabitants, their neat and convenient buildings, their coal fires, and the unvarnished simplicity of their manners, reminded us of our own. This resemblance, no doubt, struck us the more forcibly, as we had so lately left the territory of France. The lower classes seemed well clothed and well fed, and wore a look of content upon their faces, which seemed to prove, that if their old government was not a good one, it was not at any rate intolerably oppressive. This is an observation that can hardly be fallacious, as on the other hand it may be inferred, that when a country is sufficiently fruitful in proportion to its population, and the body of  
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the people are condemned to hard labour for a scanty pittance of food; when in such a country, the work-houses, the hospitals, and the prisons are full, it may be inferred, I say, that there is a radical vice in its political institutions; nor can all the cant of state quacks, or the equivocation of false patriots, lessen the force of this eternal truth.

By what I have said above, I do not mean to infer, that there are no beggars in the Belgic States. Beggars there are, but they are few in number, and less miserable in appearance than in most other countries. While our horses were drinking in an inn-yard, two full-grown girls, of pleasing person, and very decent dress, surprized us by asking alms. From our carriage they went to that of some French officers wives, who were on their way to join their husbands. What, said one of the laughing dames, such pretty girls as you obliged to ask charity, when there is an army  
of

of a hundred thousand men in the country ! This is truly a great reflection on the gallantry of our countrymen. True, said another, but it speaks much in favour of the fidelity of our husbands. The girls repeated their prayer, and were beginning to rehearse a *Pater noster*. *Allons !* said the French lady, virtue ought to be recompensed. Then taking out her pocket-book, turned over a number of *assignats*, and at last finding a small one, offered it to the girls. Though this bill was not current, it was of a ready value, much greater than that of usual benefaction, and one of the girls accordingly held out her hand with eagerness to receive it, when at the very moment she thought it her own, the French lady drew back her's. But no, said she, with an arch look, and seeming to recollect herself, nobody takes paper in this country. The beggar girls, who perceived that this long and ceremonious show of charity was only meant to convey a refusal,

coupled

coupled with a reproach of their countrymen's want of faith in the French money, were tickled by the fancy, went laughing away, and left me laughing too; for I had never heard a denial so whimsically given, nor seen one so merrily received.

Not thinking the report I had heard at Lille of the disorderly behaviour of a single battalion in Austrian Flanders sufficient to afford a fair comparison with the conduct of the Imperial troops in France, I was careful to enquire, as we travelled along, into the discipline observed by the troops of the new republic. As an army that plunders is sure to produce an artificial, if not a real scarcity, the plenty we had already met with bore witness in their favour. This testimony coincided with that of the inhabitants, who did not even seem surprized, or to hold themselves in any manner obliged for it to the French. I asked a woman if they behaved  
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in an orderly manner.—Yes. If they never plundered. No, answered she, it is not their duty to plunder.

Though we reached Bruffels at a late hour, our fears of being shut out were ill founded, the necessity of keeping the gates open for the convoys, that were arriving every moment, favouring our entrance. It was not equally easy to obtain admission at the inns. We drove so long from house to house, constantly disappointed in our hope of finding accommodations, that we began to fear we should be obliged to take up with a lodging in the street. At length, however, we met with a very tolerable one, that was almost empty, because it had the misfortune to be called the Hotel of Saxe-Teschen.

Observing that our coachman, wherever he carried us, enquired if they had room for Englishmen, we asked him why he had  
been

been so careful to announce our country? He told us he had done it, because the inn-keepers were averse to giving entertainment to the French. At first, I supposed that this dislike to their deliverers must proceed from a fear of their tendering *assignats* in payment; but when I came to enquire at the inn, I was informed that it arose from their seldom being satisfied either with the fare, the lodging, or the bill.

As Brussels has been described by so many travellers, I shall not remark how ill the meanness of a great part of the city accords with the grandeur of the environs of the park: nor shall I say any thing of the state of politics. In an age so pregnant with unexampled events, the scene shifts at every instant. I will only venture to predict, that the Belgians will not easily establish a government founded upon liberal principles, so infatuated are they with their old constitution,

such

such fanatics in defence of the faith of their ancestors, and such humble slaves of their priests. The holy fathers pretend to be alarmed for the safety of the Christian religion ; but, like Shylock in the play, their outcry arises from their solicitude for their Christian ducats ; and no doubt they will set all hell to work, rather than lose the sacred privilege of cheating in the name of heaven.

After a stay of three days at Brussels, we set off for Liege, and slept that night at Tirlemont. As the veracity of the French accounts of their battles has been much doubted, even in France, because their loss has been generally represented as incomparably inferior to that of their enemies, as often, at least, as the cannon have had the principal share in the action, we thought we had now a good opportunity of ascertaining the truth ; for at this place the disproportion was said to be greater than elsewhere.

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A long stand was made by the Austrians without the town, and they afterwards passed through it in open day. The inhabitants must consequently have been able to form a judgment of their loss. On this presumption, I asked our landlady to what she thought it might amount? No doubt, to some hundreds, answered she, at least if any idea may be formed from the number of waggons that carried off the wounded, and from the soldiers going round to all the houses to ask for linen to dress the mangled limbs of their comrades.—No, I shall never forget my fright.—I was in the street, and hearing a terrible howling, I thought I was in the midst of a multitude of dogs, when turning round my head, I perceived that these dismal sounds came from a waggon full of wounded men.—What a horrid sight!—There was not an agonizing wretch among them that had not lost at least one of his limbs. Whenever the idea reverts to my mind, it makes  
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the current of my blood run back. The strong manner in which the woman expressed herself had almost the same effect on mine, and made me give my curses freely to the authors of the war.

It remained to ascertain the loss on the other side. For that purpose I questioned at least thirty French officers; and if their concurrent testimony be worthy credit, they had only a horse or two killed, and a man or two wounded. Their veracity is certainly the less to be suspected, as they stated the loss at Gemappe to be infinitely greater than it was presumed to be in General Dumourier's hasty letter, though they spoke of the effect of the Austrian cannon, even in that affair, as of little account. Their shot generally fly over the heads of the French, the greater part of the few that take place, though meant for the first line, killing the men in the second; so that, contrary to all experience and opi-

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nion,

tion, the troops nearest the enemy are the least in danger.

If it were possible to believe that the Imperialists would make use of artillery without first proving its accuracy, one might be led to suspect, that the difference in the thickness of the metal at the breech, and at the muzzle of the gun, which serves to compensate the gravitation of the shot within point-blank distance, is greater than it ought to be. I have heard French officers account for it otherwise. They say that the German gunners, after once pointing a piece of ordnance, discharge it 10 or 12 times without further attention; whereas the French revise the direction of their's at every shot they fire. But if such were the case, it should seem that the balls of their enemy would as often fly below as above the mark, which is discordant with their own report. Be it as it may, they are great gainers by this *over-sight* of the Austrians.

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The second day after our leaving Brussels brought us to Liege, where we found General Dumourier and his army : a gallant army and a noble chief. The patient fortitude with which the soldiers endured the hardships of a winter campaign, was equal to the active courage with which they stormed the redoubts of Gemappe. Encamped in the middle of the month of December in a cold northern latitude, they only seemed to regret the rigour of the season, because it prevented them from marching after the enemy. Yet these troops of a nation so generally branded with effeminacy, were ill provided against the bleakness of the weather, and the endless continuance of the rain.

The national volunteers, the chief strength of the army, were bare of clothes, and straw was as scarce as it was necessary in the camp. The small quantity they had was no sooner spread in the tents, than it was compleatly

drenched, and by a natural consequence it soon after rotted ; so that the soldier lay with half his body in the water, and if he set his foot out of the tent, he sunk up to his knees in the mud. This was their situation when encamped ; but what was it when the necessity of the service required whole divisions of the army to sleep on their arms, with no other cover than the inclement sky. Frequently, when the rain was pouring in a torrent from heaven, and lying stagnant on the saturated earth, some of them reposed their weary limbs in the water, some slept erect, girt to a tree, while others danced away the lingering hours ; and not unfrequently after such a night as this, they have been seen to march away laughing, and singing their patriotic songs.

Gaiety was ever the Frenchman's birth-right, but never was it so strongly exhibited as since they have been animated by the spirit  
of

of patriotism. This cheerfulness is always accompanied by another characteristic of the nation ; an uncommon degree of carelessness and disregard of danger. In the plains of Champaign, the two armies were often within sight, and almost within shot of each other. At such times, *there* stood the Prussians menacing a charge, in regular array, with supported arms, and motionless as statues ; and *here* were the French, dancing in rings around their fires, and broiling their meat on the points of their bayonets.

On a march, woe to the game that gets up before them ; a hundred soldiers are sure to send after it the contents of their muskets, not without danger of shooting their comrades. Even the presence of the enemy is insufficient to correct this deviation from discipline. It once happened, as a battalion of volunteers was advancing to the attack, in the momentary expectation of receiving and

returning the enemy's fire, that they trod up a solitary hare. As she ran along the line, she was saluted with a universal shout, and with a shot or two at least from every company she passed. The fugitive however escaped, it being no easy matter to kill so small an animal with a single ball.

The old animosity, and false point of honour, that used to set regiment against regiment, and man against man, and that were supposed every year to cost the State the lives of five hundred soldiers, are so much forgot, that a duel is now a thing of very unfrequent occurrence. It was predicted that endless dissensions and jealousies would embroil the regular troops with the national guards; but these fears were so ill founded, that it is impossible to conceive an army living in more universal harmony than that of Dumourier. At public and private tables, nothing is more common than to see the shoulder-knot of a grenadier

grenadier touching the epaulet of a colonel ; nor does this vicinage seem to surprize either party. The one shows no haughtiness, the other no fervility, and both interchange upon equal terms the salutation of *citizen*, or *comrade*. Though a stranger may be startled at it at first, his wonder diminishes when he finds that not a few of the common national volunteers are men of property, some of them possessing ten, twenty, and thirty thousand livres a year. Many of those I spoke with supported well the national character of politeness, but they had discarded the frivolous flippancy that was but too frequently its companion. They assumed no credit for their courage, spoke of their giving up ease and comfort to encounter the danger and hardships of a military life as only discharging a debt they owed to their country ; lamented its being desolated by war and faction ; and vowed to see their enemies humbled, or to sleep in the dust. I listened to them with admiration,

admiration, and, God and Mr. Burke forgive me, I thought I should have disgraced them by a comparison with the defunct chivalry of France.

Many of the officers, many even of the superior ranks, have been raised from that of private soldier. In a ball or a drawing-room, they would, no doubt, make an awkward figure; but surely after a long apprenticeship to war, they are as fit to lead a company or a battalion into the fire, as a giddy and beardless boy, just broke loose from the military school.

Republican severity is by degrees removing that foppishness in dress and manners that sprung from the example of a frivolous court. The small sword, that formerly dangled at the side of the French officers and soldiers, has resigned its place to a weighty sabre. The three-cornered hat, that sheltered them nei-  
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ther from rain, sun, nor blows, is very generally changed into a helmet. Their hair, for the most part cut short, is in the state nature gave it; and many of their whiskers grow unchecked by the razor. The whole of their dress, in short, bespeaks more attention to utility than show. Some of their new corps must however be excepted, particularly the legion of the celebrated St. George. This is a body of seven hundred men, composed of creoles, negroes, and mulattoes, and is dressed and accoutred in the richest and most brilliant manner.

I dined one day in company with a black captain of horse, and judged this new Othello to be worthy of his occupation. His easy and polite manners deserved, and met with the respect and attention of a great number of officers that were present. As for me, it did me good to see the general fraternity of mankind so nobly established, and convinced me,  
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that all the worthless parts of the human race are only so because debased by their political institutions.

Till I came to Liege, I never could give entire belief to the wonderful effects said to have been produced by the music of the ancients. How is it possible, I used to say, that among the multitude of our instruments, and the endless variety of our compositions, one of these moving sounds, or powerful passages, should never yet have been hit upon. But when I came to Liege, the struggle between my faith and my reason was at an end. I thought I discovered, that these enthusiastic emotions were not excited in the Greeks by the mechanical operation of "a concord of sweet sounds," but by the subject of their lays, the circumstances they stood in, and the disposition of their minds. In their old popular governments, glory and duty went hand in hand, and the persecution of their liberty,

liberty, called forth the fanaticism of freedom. Such is the situation of the French, and such are their feelings, as I had an opportunity of observing at the dinner I have just mentioned. While we were at table, some itinerant musicians were admitted. I need not say, that their music, vocal and instrumental, was far from being of an excellent kind. It was, nevertheless, astonishing to see the effect the Marseilles hymn produced upon the company. When they came to the passage *aux armes citoyens*, all the French officers joined them in concert, most untuneable indeed, but with very forcible expression. Some of them stood up erect in military attitude, grasping their swords; and I saw tears trickle down faces as hard as iron. In my early youth I had felt much of the martial *mania* myself; but my long vacancy from warlike occupation, since the last peace, had given time to reason to take the place of sentiment; and cold calculations of safety and repose

repose had damped, if not extinguished, all military ardor. The contagion however reached me; I repeated *aux armes* with the rest, and felt that I was again become a soldier.

This valour at table is well maintained in the field. If I had only the bare word of the French for it, I should not fail to make a large abatement for this self-praise. Credit, however, cannot be refused to the universal testimony of the natives of the country, who speak with artless wonder of what they call the *rage* of the new republicans. This bravery is the more meritorious, as a large proportion of their soldiers are boys. But they are boys, according to the words of our favourite dramatist, "with ladies faces and fierce dragons spleen."

The conduct of the Austrians is a proof that they are of the same opinion, and that  
they

they think they have to do with a dangerous enemy. Wherever they make a stand, they are sure to choose ground almost inaccessible, or to be covered by walls, villages, or redoubts. This shyness of their adversaries is much lamented by the French soldiers, and they frequently exclaim—*Oh! si nous pouvions une fois les tenir dans la plaine* \*.

Now, let all profound speculators remember, that the very means of safety sought by the Austrians were generally asserted to be the only ones that could save the French, and that the latter were expected to melt away to nothing before the regular fire of the Germans, if ever they should trust themselves in the open field.

After having said thus much in favour of the French soldiery, my regard to truth, and

\* Oh! if we could but once get hold of them in a plain.

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the engagement I took at the beginning of my tour, oblige me to add, that this army did not behave with so much regularity in the *Pays de Liege* as in the Austrian Netherlands. Though received by the inhabitants like brothers, they were so far from being thankful for their entertainment, that they often committed much needless mischief.

In spite of their patriotic principles, the country people could not help regretting the departure of the Imperial troops, whose conduct was very different here from what it was in France. The honest Germans, said they, ate, drank, paid, and went away quietly. Our friends, the French, plunder and molest us. This behaviour was, however, far from being general; nor was it either encouraged or tolerated by the chiefs. Several examples were made, and I saw myself a French officer weep, while relating the  
dishonourable

dishonourable excesses of his countrymen.  
Such is the army of Dumourier!

I am happy to have it in my power to sub-  
join some particulars relative to the illustrious  
General himself.

General Dumourier is now fifty-five years  
of age, and is the son of a commissary of war  
(*Commissaire de Guerre*). His father was a  
man of considerable literary talents, and trans-  
lated from the Italian the celebrated poem,  
*La Secchia Rapita*, of Ricciardetto, better  
known by the name of *Il Tassoni*. As his  
birth was not equal to his merit, it is no  
wonder that his son should be the enemy of  
the old government, which limited the hopes,  
and cramped the genius of all who could not  
boast a long series of noble ancestors. He  
began his military career at a very early pe-  
riod in life, and soon distinguished himself so  
much by the active intrepidity of his spirit,

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that

that in a club to which he then belonged, he was known by the appellation of *The Little Tiger*.

At the battle of Closter-camp, he received a desperate wound in each wrist, and two deep cuts on each side of the head, besides some others of smaller account in different parts of his body. Blessed with the privilege of great minds, which look upon misfortune without astonishment, he jested even when in this distressful situation; and as Cæsar threatened to hang the pirates that took him at sea, so Dumourier with menaces ordered the Hanoverian soldier, whose prisoner he was, to perform for him the most servile offices.

In 1795, when an Emperor, an Empress, and a King, conspired to oppress the people of Poland, divided their dominions, and drove off the inhabitants like herds of cattle, Du-  
mourier

mourier was there in the service of the republic, at the head of four hundred French volunteers. Judging it in his power to strike an advantageous stroke, he called together his principal officers, and submitted his plan to their consideration. It appeared desperate to all, and all, as with one voice, expressed their dissent.

So, gentlemen, said Dumourier, you will not fight? Well, I say you shall.—Then assembling his men, he told them, that those who were not ready to go to hell with him immediately might retire. Nor was this advertisement superfluous; for leading them to the attack of the enemy at Cracow, near two hundred of them were killed upon the spot, and sixty more disabled for life. Success, however, crowned his enterprize.

Equally fit for the cabinet and the field, the versatility of his talents recommended

him to the notice of Louis XV. Accordingly, in the year 1772, when that Monarch, wishing for good information respecting the revolution in Sweden, sent thither, without the knowledge of his Ministers, four persons in whom he could confide. Dumourier was one of the number. The diligence of himself and his colleagues was seconded by the dispatch of their couriers. The King asked his Ministers, if they had any news from Sweden, and was told they had none. Why then, said he, I have, and communicated to them the contents of his dispatches. The Ministers, provoked at finding that men not immediately under their command had interfered in the affairs of state, prevailed upon the weak Monarch to sacrifice the emissaries that had served him too well; and both Dumourier and a M. Favier were put into the Bastille on their return.

No man knows better than the commander of the Belgic army how to inspire his troops with confidence and courage. His liberal praise, often bestowed before it has been deserved, makes them eager to earn the reputation they have received in advance ; and that he may teach them not to spare their persons, he is ever at their head, and in the hottest of the fire. His activity is equal to his courage : he despises a soft bed and a luxurious table, and can content himself upon occasion with the scanty fare of a foot soldier. In the most urgent pressure of the most multiplied affairs, he gives his orders with the quickness of intuition, and with mathematical precision. Above the affectation of gravity, that is generally the mark of a shallow mind, he discovers infinite humour in the midst of the most serious occupation, still finds time for his jest ; and always greater than the occasion that calls for his care, he seems to make business his sport, and sport his business : possessed at the

same time of a comprehensive understanding, a foresight almost more than human, and immeasurable ambition, he appears born to uphold, or to overturn an empire.

To these qualifications of a soldier and a general, he joins the liberal endowments of a scholar. The Latin, the Spanish, the Italian, and the English languages, are familiar to him ; nor is he a stranger to ancient, or modern literature.

The temper of his soul entitles him to still higher praise. He unites the mildest and most sociable disposition to the firmness of a stoic ; and such is the inflexibility of his principles, that his word is better than the bond of ordinary men.

His person is uncommonly diminutive and emaciated, and little answerable to such magnitude of mind ; but his fallow visage is  
brightened

brightened by a look highly expressive of vivacity and intelligence. In a word, it may be said, that the most extraordinary events this age has seen have been brought about by the most extraordinary man of the age.

From Liege it was our intention to turn our steps to the eastward, and visit the army of General Custine; but a rumour reaching our ears of an impending war between England and France, we thought it most advisable to repair to Paris, to be ready to return home, in case an event so deplorable for both countries should really take place.

When we were about three leagues on our way, our horses stopping to rest and eat, we thought we could not do better than to eat likewise.—You are in the right, Gentlemen, said a man, who pulled off his night-cap as he came in, and whom, from the humility of his address, I took at first for the

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landlord,

landlord, you are in the right, gentlemen, said he, to make a repast here, for you will not find so much as a glass of water on the road. How so, said I?—Three leagues further on, answered he, you will meet with the army of Valence, which has been in that part of the country these five or six days, and has absolutely eaten it up. In what state is the army? said I.—In high health and spirits: they are like so many *enragés* \*; and if Beaulieu had not got out of their way with his troops, I verily believe not a man of them would have escaped. My brother, continued he, is Burgomaster of Pai, a small place at four or five leagues distance from hence; and as he is gone to Liege on business, I am obliged to act as his substitute. I have quartered the soldiers in every corner of every house; there are forty-seven in our own, though it consists only of three rooms. More, however, are continually arriving, and no

\* Madmen.

longer

longer ago than yesterday, some officers of the national volunteers, when I told them I had no lodgings to give them, threatened to hang me. I observed to them, that they would get very little room by putting me out of the way, as I only occupied a corner of the floor in the same closet with my mother and sister. You should complain, said I, interrupting him, of this intolerable insolence to the General. *Que voulez vous*, said he, after a long day's march in such cold weather? It is no wonder they should be vexed, when they find no fire to warm their frozen hands, or room to rest their weary limbs. I am, however, so tired of all this, that I was going to put my mother and sister on the horse, to walk myself to Liege by their side, and to abandon the house to the discretion of our visitors; but General de la Marche, who commands the vanguard, hearing of my intention, sent me a polite message, requesting me not to stir, under pain of military execution.

tion. It is hard, indeed, said I, after being forced to give up your house, that you should be shot for wishing to leave it. Consider, replied he, that the exigencies of the war oblige them to be severe, and that ordinary rules will not apply to these extraordinary cases. I am now ordered to superintend a convoy of bombs and cannon-balls, and am collecting waggons for that purpose—Yes.—Here he suddenly paused, took off his night-cap, laid it on the table, put up his hand again, and began to rub his head, which I now perceived to be tonsured. Then, as if satisfied of his own identity, he resumed with a Sardonic smile : Yes : I, a minister of the gospel, and a preacher of peace and universal benevolence, am sent upon this murderous mission. It relieves me, however, from their importunity.—They must have ten thousand weight of straw, and we have not a truss in the village.—They must have more bread in one day than we have flour remaining. First we had  
the

the emigrants with us, then the Austrians, and now we have the French. The French are a brave nation ; I was once in the service of the French, and I am a friend to their cause. I admire their noble system of liberty and equality, and I make no doubt but we shall all be perfectly happy, by the time that, between them and their enemies, we are all entirely undone.

I exhorted him to patience.—You are an Englishman, said he, your kingdom passed through six centuries of revolutions ; *you* are in your element ; but our little country has been whole ages without any political convulsion, and these are distressing novelties to us. I am determined not to stay—I will go to England, where every thing at present is quiet. To England ! said I, why the King's Ministers themselves have expressed their fears of an insurrection.—I will go to Holland then.—As soon as England declares war, said I, to

I, to serve the Dutch, Holland will be overrun by the French troops, and the patriots will take up arms again.—I will go to Switzerland then: I have a small estate in the canton of Berne.—The worshipful Senate of Berne, said I, are obliged already to have recourse to means of extraordinary severity to keep the profane vulgar in order, and may very soon meet with the fate of his Most High Highness the Prince Bishop of Liege \*. I declare to heaven, exclaimed the charitable priest, that I believe a universal phrenzy has seized upon all mankind. There will soon be no corner of the world for a peaceable man to hide his head in. What can be the cause of all this contention between the people and their governors!—I'll tell you, said my companion:—When a man has got, no matter how, a snug, warm, and comfortable house over his head, has been long in possession of

\* Son Altesse Celsissime.

it, and has fitted it up to suit his own convenience, he will not turn himself out, nor will the right owner get in again without a law-suit.

Our conversation lasted as long as our stay. The honest simplicity of his mind, joined to many marks of shrewdness, and of solid sense, his universal philanthropy, and the charitable construction he put upon affronts and offences offered to himself, endeared the man to me; and I could perceive, that the attention which I paid to his lamentations, and my seeming to feel for his embattements, had procured me his good will. We parted like old friends; he shook me affectionately by the hand, gave me his benediction, wished me safe out of the war that threatened my country, and said he hoped on some future day to see me there; for in spite of the revolutionary rumours I objected, he seemed still to have a strong desire to pay England a visit.

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We had not gone far, when we found the villages full of soldiers, and when we had advanced a little further still, we met with bodies of horse and foot, with their cannon and ammunition, proceeding towards Liege.

Valence's army, without doubt, was the flower of the French soldiery, being principally composed of dragoons, hussars, and grenadiers; nor have I often seen a finer set of fellows. The regular troops were perfectly well clothed; their appearance was truly martial; and the insults of the bleak north-wind, that called up the blood into their cheeks, heightened their look of health. I regretted much that some of my prejudiced countrymen were not there, who carry their contempt of our Gallic neighbours to an excess as unjustifiable, as many of the French do their esteem of the English. As to the national guards, their dress was as tattered as their

their colours, which bore right honourable marks of service.

We had made a large allowance for the priest's prediction of bad fare upon the road. We should have done better, if in this case we had placed greater faith in the church; for we found all he had told us almost literally verified.

At a place where our horses were eating their corn, we asked the landlord, if he could give us a bottle of wine?—Wine! said he, there is not a bottle of wine left in the country. Had he any room where we could warm ourselves?—My house, said he, is full of hussars; but I make no doubt that they will afford you a place near the fire. We went in; the appearance of Englishmen, as usual, occasioned a display of French urbanity, and we were forced to accept the most comfortable seats. Next to mine was an officer, whose

whose opinion I asked of the Austrian troops: They stand fire very well, said he; but we can never persuade them to meet us hand to hand. At Malliens\*, no sooner did they hear our Commanders give the word, *à la bayonnette, à l'arme blanche*, than they ran from their entrenchments; while the men of the main-guard, finding they could not escape, fell upon their knees, and begged for quarter.

When we went to pay for the only refreshment we could procure, a glass of bad small beer, we found the whole family huddled together in a little smoky hole, hardly more than six feet square. In this unpleasant situation, I was surprized at their good humour, and at the content pictured in their countenances, which was much at variance with

\* Having no map sufficiently minute to refer to, I am not sure of this orthography being the right. I can only follow the Frenchman's pronunciation. It is a place near Namur.

the tears drawn from their eyes by the smoke of the wood fire. We are very well satisfied, said the woman, with our guests, the hussars ; they are honest, civil, and orderly ; but the little footmen in blue (meaning the national volunteers) pilfer every thing that comes in their way.

Sinet was the place at which we had purposed sleeping. Our provident coachman, however, fearing it might not afford *entertainment for man and horse*, determined to miss no accommodations he might meet with on the road. His wife's intentions were of no avail. At some places there was room for the horses, but none for us ; at others there were beds, but no stabling ; at Sinet there was neither one nor the other. We were therefore obliged to drive to the next village, a league and a half further on. It was midnight when we reached it, our cattle tired with the length of time they had been  
I
upon

upon their legs, and we almost frozen stiff by our long exposure to the severe nocturnal cold in an open carriage.

This village was one of the most miserable in Europe ; and the only inn, or rather pot-house, it contained, was worthy of such a village. We knocked first at the door, and then at the window, and were at length answered by the landlord, who did not find our being in the cold a sufficient reason for his getting out of a warm bed. There was no contesting the propriety of this calculation, of which his feelings were the supreme judge. Ours, however, that were very painful, set us to calculating too, and we thought it demonstrable, that the only way for us to get any rest, was to deprive every body in the house of theirs.

At the end of about three quarters of an hour's rapping and roaring, we convinced the  
landlord

landlord of the inverse of our proposition: that the only way for him to get any, was not to deny it to us. He rose, and opened the door, with somewhat of a fullen demeanour. By degrees he grew more civil, and gave us every thing his house afforded; that is to say, a little dry bread, a glass of cold water, and a scanty bed of straw spread upon the stones of the apartment, that was at once the kitchen and the public room.

A man must know what it is to be starving with cold and hunger in the middle of the night, after a journey of fifteen hours, to conceive the pleasure we felt at obtaining such wretched accommodations, in so wretched a hovel. My companion, indeed, was little the better for his bed. He did not close his eyes during the whole night; but as in "eight years wandering, and eight years war," I had sometimes wanted even straw, I

did not, during the whole night, open mine.  
The next day brought us to Givet.

Givet can boast of nothing sufficiently remarkable to detain a traveller; and the fortifications of Charlemont adjoining to it, and rendered almost impregnable by its lofty situation on a rock, overlooking the Maese, might have been visited in an hour. Thirty-six, however, elapsed before we could get away; such was the difficulty we met with in procuring horses, or a carriage of any kind. Hopeless of getting any thing better, we at last agreed to give forty-five livres for a cart to carry us and our baggage to Rocroi, which was double what travelling post would have cost us, the distance being only eight leagues. The greater part of the first three, when our speed could match that of our vehicle, we walked on foot; but as soon as we left Fumay, and entered the forest of the Ardennes, the depth of the

the mud reconciled us to our humble conveyance.

It is hardly possible to imagine a wilder country. From the place last mentioned to the post-house without the gates of Rocroi, a space of five long leagues, there is not even the shadow of a habitation. One dreary mountain follows another, and heath and wood, in alternate succession, present a change of scenery indeed, but give no relief to the disappointed vision. In the dead season, the russet of the oaks add to the tedious gloom of the landscape, which the verdure of the spring must, no doubt render somewhat more tolerable. Before the vigilance of the *Marechaussée*\*, and the severity of the laws, had cleared the country of robbers, these roads were the theatre of many a murder. The

\* A body of guards on horseback, employed solely in the protection of the highways, unless in time of war. They are now called the *Gendarmerie Nationale*.

postillion and the horses were involved in the misfortune, and dragged into the forest, which lent a cover to the crime, and often hid the fate of the hapless traveller from the knowledge of his anxious relations.

Sometimes the banditti, either from a want of time, or of solicitude, left the bodies unconcealed, and here and there a cross erected on the spot, still tells the tale of murdered passengers.

At present nothing is to be apprehended ; and if our lives were in danger, it could only be from the overturning of our vehicle. Though the cart was hung so low, that this seemed impossible, the inconceivable badness of the roads, more than once very nearly proved the contrary. The same cause made our rate of travelling something less than a league an hour, and gave the rain time to make its way through our great coats, while the unevenness

ness of the road conspired with the nature of the carriage to jolt us in a most horrible manner. We might literally be said to be *broke upon the wheel*.

Coming in such a questionable shape to Rocroi, the better inns refused to receive us. So relative, however, is human happiness, that a bad bottle of wine, an indifferent supper, a shabby room, and hard beds, made us two of the most contented men in the universe.

It is needless to say, how we set off the next morning from thence in a chaise with post-horses; how at the next stage we found carriage horses without a carriage, and saddle horses without a saddle; how we were in consequence obliged to pay extravagantly dear for such an equipage as that of the preceding day to carry our baggage to Mezieres; and how we walked three leagues with our boot-

tops in the mud. The new system of equality forbid us to complain; for great numbers of soldiers were travelling merrily in both directions, though as deep in the mire as ourselves.

Mezieres was the term of these petty misfortunes. There for three louis-d'ors we hired a tolerable chaise, with a pair of horses, to convey us in two days to Rheims. The distance is only eighteen leagues; but the first half of it, to Rhotel, is not a journey of easy performance. I defy an Englishman, who has never been out of his country, to conceive the possible existence of such roads, or an English carriage to advance a hundred yards along them without overturning.—Wanting a good foundation, and being composed of materials of a very friable nature, they have not been able to resist the constant passage of heavy artillery and stores to the army, and are become no better than one continued

tinued slough. The great stones that have lately been thrown in at random, have not rendered them more solid, but have made them more dangerous.

We had not gone far before we discovered that our driver was a wit. *Messieurs*, said he, *vous voilà à Versailles*. How at Versailles, said we, seeing no appearance of a town, and wondering by what magic this might be.— Yes, gentlemen, replied he, pointing with his whip, you are at Versailles. We looked a little onward, and saw a loaded waggon lying on its side, which had given occasion to this bad pun on the French word *verser*, to overturn.

A little farther on, we met several others with teams of fourteen, sixteen, and nineteen horses, and were assured, heaven knows with what truth, that one very heavily laden had been drawn through the worst of the  
road

road by no less than fifty ; and that the diligence with twelve had been nine hours travelling the five leagues between Mezieres and l'Aunoy, the village at which we slept.

Arriving very early, and purposing a very early departure the next morning, we told the landlord we should be glad to sup at half past eight. At half past eight ! said he with astonishment. If, said I, so early an hour puts you to any inconvenience, let it be half past nine. Is not half past eight, answered he, a very late hour for supper ?—Why, at what hour do you generally sup yourselves ?—About five, said the landlord.

The appellation of *la Champagne Pouilleuse* \* emphatically bespeaks the poverty of the country, which having preserved the inhabitants from much intercourse with stran-

\* Loufy.

gers.

gers, has also preserved the regular hours, and simplicity of manners of ancient times.

Of all the provinces we had travelled through, this was the only one that seemed in a bad state of cultivation, rather owing, I presume, to the notorious sterility of the soil, than to the want of hands, or to the ravages of war. Some were, no doubt, committed by the mercenaries of Prussia, and some by the outcasts of France. If credit may be given to the report of the inhabitants of the country, the exploits of the latter may be reduced to the burning of Vaux, and several other villages, the ravishing of children, the mutilating of women, and the murdering of defenceless men. Yet these high and puissant lords boasted, that they should ever be found *sur le chemin de l'honneur*\*. Such was pos-

\* On the road of honour.

sibly their intention ; but somehow or other they have certainly lost their way.

We continued ours, and arrived at Rheims on the evening of the 23d of December. As the King was to go to the Convention to make his defence on the 26th, we sent off our baggage by the diligence, and took saddle-horses at the post-house. Owing to the constant passage of couriers, the *bidets* were worse than French *bidets* generally are ; and more than once we were dismounted by the falling of our steeds, or by their being incapable of reaching the end of the stage.

During the whole of the journey we remarked, that the apprehension of a war with England was peculiarly painful to the French. Though flushed with their late successes, and “ confident against a world in arms,” it was evident there was nothing they dreaded more than

than such an event; not merely on account of the mischief that might ensue, but because it would force them to regard as enemies the only nation in Europe they considered as their friends.

All along the road, they anxiously asked us what we thought would be the consequence of the armament in England. We frankly told them we presumed it would be war, and generally observed a moment of silence and dejection follow the delivery of our opinion. But soon bristling up at the aspect of new dangers, several of them said—  
 “ Well ! if all the world be determined to fight with us, we will fight with all the world. We can be killed but once.”

The imminence of hostilities, however, diminished in no degree the respect they shewed us as Englishmen; and not only we did not meet with any thing like an insult in  
 the

the whole of our tour ; but, on the contrary, we experienced every where particular kindness and attention. They seemed eagerly to court our good opinion ; and frequently begged us not to ascribe to a whole nation the faults of individuals, and not to charge their government with disorders its present state of vacillation rendered it incompetent to repress. If there were any disputing such high authorities as Mr. Burke, and the collective wisdom of the Kings of the continent, I confess I should never have suspected, that I was travelling among a nation of savages, madmen, and assassins. I should rather have wished with Shakespeare,

—that these contending kingdoms,  
 England and France, whose very shores look pale  
 With envy of each other's happiness,  
 May cease their hatred—

—that never war advance  
 Her bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France—  
 That English may as French, French Englishmen,  
 Receive each other.

We

We reached Paris the day before the King's defence came on. The sad catastrophe of the unfortunate Monarch was, no doubt, an event of mighty magnitude, and teeming with a multitude of others. It was probably the last groan of royalty in France, and the last great convulsion of all those that have distracted the country for four years past. It cannot be justified ; nor is it the season for extenuation, now that the stream of prejudice flows strong, and the phantasm of a murdered King stalks before our frightened imagination, and makes

— We fools of nature

So horribly to shake our disposition,

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls.

Confident, however, in truth, and my good intentions, I shall brave the extreme opinion of the times, the ready censure of either party, and the sinister interpretations of illiberal minds ; and shall hazard a few reflections

fections and remarks, that a very long residence in the country qualifies me, in some degree to make.

The King's conspiring against the new government has been made a question in England, but it never was one in France, at least with any person of good faith or candour. A number of minute facts, that were lost in the distance, formed an aggregate sufficiently evident on the spot, and carried three-fold conviction to every mind. The frontiers no better guarded, after fourteen weeks declaration of war, than at the first moment of hostilities, though Lewis XVI. was invested with full powers to augment and dispose of the military force, and though hundreds of thousands stood panting for the signal to fly to the defence of their country, might alone suffice, and will alone justify the fatal tenth of August.

Before

Before that period, there was but one opinion on the subject, and the staunchest royalists in France, with their usual imprudence, used to discharge the emigrant princes and nobles from all blame of rebellion, by asserting that the King was acting in concert with them, and by appealing to the evidence of his conduct.

It is often asked if the King had not a right to defend himself in his own house?—But had not the people a right to employ the only means left to preserve the liberty they had purchased at the expence of such a struggle? And does not the Monarch stand in the culpable predicament of a man who, in his own defence, kills another, while he himself is engaged in the commission of some illegal act? It is asked, if the Assembly had not the power to declare the forfeiture of the crown?—Yes: but there was a strong party of members under the influence, or in the

pay of the civil list, and a still stronger one of the faction, called *Feuillants*, who dreaded the prevalence of the republicans more than that of the King. Besides, allowing them all to have been unbiaſſed, a grave aſſembly could not have hurled him from his throne in an inſtant. Too prudent to be guilty of any overt act, a *vis inertiae* was the only means he uſed to bring the nation again under the yoke; and while the legiſlative body, in preparation for judgment, would have been inveſtigating facts, invalidating excuſes, and tearing away the pretexts with which he veiled his neglect, the Duke of Brunſwick would have executed judgment *on them* according to his threat.

In fifteen days after the attack of the Thuilleries, the executive council raiſed a force ſufficient to repel the enemy: in fifteen days more it would have been too late.

It

It is asked again, whether the National Assembly, and the armed force, had not sworn to observe the constitution? Yes: but as the constitution itself declared, that the nation had the imprescriptible right of changing its government at pleasure, that oath could only be binding as long as it was consistent with the interest, or agreeable to the wishes of the people. Now the adhesion of all the departments to the King's deposition, and numberless spontaneous addresses of felicitation, have given room to say, that the Parisian insurgents on that day spoke the sense of the nation. The good people of England, taking it upon the credit of good men, who have not been out of the island since the revolution, say it was the sense of a faction. I never contend with revelation, or with men inspired; and, indeed, my own observation inclines *me* also to say, that the defenders of the new system are a faction: the petty, desperate, and despicable faction of the eighty-

four departments, supported by several millions of men in arms.

It has been said in England, that the National Convention was not impowered to try Louis XVI. This is only true in part; for a number of the departments, I know not how many, gave written and exprefs directions to their deputies to try the King, as well as to form a constitution. As none of the rest disavowed the declared intention of their representatives, may they not be considered as having given a tacit consent?

It has been said, that some essential papers were kept back from the legal defenders of the Monarch. This assertion of a quondam French Minister, now in England, was publicly discussed, and plainly proved to be false, in the Convention; nor did Messieurs Malefherbes, De Seze, and Tronchet, offer to avail themselves of such a pretence. It has been  
echoed,

echoed, after the latter of these gentlemen, that the French penal code requires the concurrence of two-thirds of the judges or jurors to condemn a man accused. It does so, to give the verdict guilty, but not to pronounce the penalty incurred by the offence. Now, the Convention was unanimous as to the criminality of the royal prisoner. Surely this opinion of more than three hundred of his judges, who wished to save his life, must remove all doubt from the mind of the most incredulous. If any had remained in mine, they would have vanished, when I heard a number of the King's friends say, in the midst of their tears, that his attempts to recover his power were the natural effect of his prejudices, and of his education : I believe so too ; and I heartily lament that a fate so severe should have attended a man, who was inferior in head and heart to few of the Princes of Europe. The general persuasion of his imbecility was effectually done away by the

acuteness of his answers at the bar of the Convention, and by the masterly diction of that part of his last will that did not relate to religion.

The above accusations brought against his judges, seem then to admit of some justification; but what apology can be offered for the putting of a man to death, when no law determined such a penalty for his offence; when, on the contrary, the only pre-existing law pronounced a different punishment? Was the constitution then, that was tendered to the King by the nation, no more than a snare held out for his life? The laws of Nature condemned him say some. But are we living in the woods? And does not every law of Nature forbid us to kill a captive in cold blood? No plea then remains but the abusive plea of necessity, which gives a changeable colour to so much injustice in many countries besides France.

Nor

Nor is it at all apparent that the death of Louis XVI. was necessary to the safety of the French republic. It is true indeed, that his name was the watch-word of parties, the declared enemies of the new government, as was proved by the late silly insurrection at Rouen, of priests and nobles, assembled there from all quarters. This movement, perhaps, sealed the death-warrant of the King; for it is a fact, that many members, who had before determined to vote for the appeal to the people, changed their intentions on hearing of it, lest the delay should be the occasion of other intestine broils. It is curious that all the measures taken, or pretended to be taken by those who called themselves his friends, with a view of preserving his authority and his life, should have uniformly tended to pull him from the throne, and place him on the scaffold,

His behaviour on the day of execution dispelled the opinion that had been so long entertained

pertained of his want of firmness and courage. The difficult circumstances he was in at the beginning of the revolution, when it was equally dangerous to advance or to recede, and the double part he acted during the formation and existence of the short-lived constitution, gave to all his conduct an appearance of hesitation and timidity. When no longer King, Louis was himself again. Early on the fatal morning, the Queen expressed a desire of bidding her unfortunate husband a last farewell. But the King, fearing probably to increase the agitation of her mind, and to disturb the composure of his own, declined the interview. The wretched Mary-Antoinette insisting, a messenger was dispatched to consult the commons of Paris, who prudently directed that her request should be complied with, if not painful to the departing Monarch. Louis XVI. still refused, and about half past eight descended from his apartment, and walked through the inner to the outer court-yard. When there he cast a lingering

look upon the building, and heaving a deep sigh, stepped into the carriage.

Edgeworth, his weeping confessor, keeping back out of respect, the King, with a kind and dignified gesture, invited him to sit by his side. During this preparation, he did not shed a tear; but, on the contrary, discovered so much firmness in his demeanour, that a horseman of the guard, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Newton, an Englishman, could not help exclaiming, *Quel grand caractere!*—On the way he was employed in conversation with the priest, in reading the prayers appointed for departing souls, and in looking anxiously at the cavalry that formed his escort, as if he still expected some favourable event.

At about ten minutes past ten he reached the foot of the scaffold. The executioner and his assistants offering to undress him, he rejected

jected their help, with an apparent sense of his past dignity, took off his coat himself, and meeting with some difficulty in unbuckling his stock, he thanked the person who assisted him in getting it off, with the same unconcern, as if he had been preparing for bed. A momentary agitation, however, seized his mind, and he evidently shuddered, when he perceived that the hangman was cutting off his hair.

The delay that followed, and that was attributed to his reluctance to meet his fate, was partly spent in gazing upon the *guillotine*, at the first aspect of which he drew back with horror, in talking to those about him, and in speaking a few words to his confessor. In this he was indulged; but when he ascended the scaffold, not only the respect due to a dying King, but even the common charity that should attend so unfortunate a situation, was forgotten. In a white waistcoat, and  
with

with his hands tied behind him, he made about half the circuit of the fatal theatre, with as firm a step, and with the same rolling gait, as when he used to pass between admiring crowds in the gallery of Versailles. The Ministers of death hung all the time upon him, and being sternly ordered by General Santerre to do their duty, prevented him from proceeding further. Several times, actuated by a natural movement of indignation at finding himself so roughly handled, and availing himself of an uncommon share of strength, he shook them off, and several times he attempted to speak to the people. But the continual rolling of the drums hindered him from being heard, unless by those immediately about his person. *Je pardonne à mes ennemis, said he, & je souhaite que ma mort fasse le bonheur de la France* \*. He would  
have

\* "I forgive my enemies; and I wish that my death may give happiness to France." These words, and the latter

have added more, but the executioners, with barbarous brutality, seized him by the ears, and tied him to the pillar that makes part of the fatal instrument.

*S'il le faut* (if it must be so) said the unfortunate Monarch, submitting to their violence, and seeming thereby to express the hopes he had till then entertained of pardon : *s'il le faut*, repeated he. A moment after he was lowered down, and ere he could well pronounce the words, *Je meurs innocent* (I die innocent) the weighty machine separated his head from his body. The executioner held it up, streaming with blood, to the view of the surrounding multitude, who had looked upon the scene in death-like silence. But as soon as it was over, the body of horse, called *the cavalry of the republic*, that was placed

latter particulars, are given upon the best authority—the concurrent testimony of the executioner and his four assistants, taken down separately, and afterwards compared.

next

next to the scaffold, putting their helmets upon the points of their swords, and waving them aloft in the air, cried out, *Vive la nation, vive la republique.*

At the moment the King set his foot upon the scaffold, six or seven persons, placed upon an elevated spot, called out, *Grace! grace!* This cry occasioned a short alarm among the military. No one, however, seconded it, nor was it repeated by themselves. The fear of such a wish being more general, of the dissension that might follow, and of the attempt of a rescue, was the cause of the square's \* being filled with cannon and troops, and of the sad ceremony's being hurried so precipitately to its end.

At the very instant of execution, the confessor exclaimed, *Monte au ciel, fils de St.*

\* The Place de Louis XV.

*Louis* \*, and as soon as it was past, a number of persons gathered about the place of execution, to purchase his hair, and dip their handkerchiefs in his blood. Some did so out of devotion to his person, others with the view of possessing an object of curiosity, and others in the hope that it would prove a profitable speculation. Many of the national guards stained the points of their bayonets, and the muzzles of their guns. This, said they, we will send to the enemy. Many of them danced round the scaffold, singing the popular air called *La Carmagnole*; and a great majority of the spectators of all kinds showed, on their return home, evident signs of joy.

They looked upon Louis XVI. as a tyrant and a traitor, who had brought a disastrous war upon their country. Though a King, they considered him as no more than another

\* "Ascend to Heaven, son of Saint Louis."

man. And let us Britons, *penitus ab orbe divisi*, who have a special privilege for judging better of what passes all over the world, than all the world beside, pity this lamentable mistake. Let us be the more indulgent, as the superior beings expressed no particular concern. The heavens did not shed a tear ; no earthly convulsion rent the veil of the temple, nor did the thunder, rolling on the left of the guilty city, reprobate the atrocity of the action.

Nay, in proportion as our feelings are sensibly affected at the death of a King, we have so few of us seen, let us make some allowance for the feelings of others. The minds of the Parisians were peculiarly irritated. Thousands of them had lost their dearest friends, and their nearest relatives, in the bloody scenes of which the deceased Monarch had been the wilful, or the occasional cause ; and they all saw their country invested by cruel and innumerable

merable foes, who were come with the declared intention of reinstating him in his former despotism, and who asserted that he was the insidious accomplice of their hostile attack.

The same deeds done in different circumstances may stand as wide asunder as the poles. The killing of a man from whom we have received no offence, or upon strong provocation, constitutes, in the first case, a horrible crime; in the second, a fault that may admit of excuse. Considered in this point of view, even the sanguinary scenes of the beginning of September may allow some little extenuation. Let no man imagine, that I mean in any degree to justify what I have never yet suffered with patience a Frenchman to defend. My blood has ever been chilled by the horrid recital; nor have I a dearer wish, than to see the instigators and performers of these base and atrocious actions punished

nished as they deserve. But it is not the less true, that the Parisians were driven to despair by the Duke of Brunswick's approach to Paris, and by his infamous manifestoes. Bouille's threat of not leaving stone upon stone in the capital, was backed by the menaces of the emigrants. Their cruel conduct on the frontiers plainly showed the inhabitants of Paris what they had to expect. When the whole strength of the city rose to repel the enemy, they feared that they should leave their aged fathers, and their defenceless children, to the mercy of a band of conspirators, of which the part that was in the prisons was to be set at liberty by their accomplices without.

Be this true or false, it is certain that such was their persuasion; and I have been assured by a respectable French merchant, who mixed, without participating in these horrid scenes, that all the prisoners had received a day or two before stockings striped blue and

L

white,

white, to enable them to recognize each other. Their being in this uniform, he said he could attest from his own observation. The nobles and the priests had also their distinctive marks. If I could doubt the assertions of numbers who pretend to have seen these marks, I could not easily reject the testimony of a youth, too ingenuous to deceive, and too young to invent, who was present at the massacre in the convent of Carmelite Friars. He says that he saw cards taken from the breasts of the murdered priests, on which were depicted a royal crown, and a crown of thorns, with the words *Regiment de Salomon* written above, and below, *miserere nostri*. Why then should an event enchainèd with so many incidents, and circumstances, be considered as the natural consequence of the revolution? Those who affect to look upon it in this light, and who would fain make it an argument for the extermination of the new principles of liberty, are not aware, that  
while

while the Saint Bartholomew in France, and the massacre of Protestants in Ireland (scenes of blood far less provoked, and of much greater extent) are upon record ; they are not aware, I say, that their bold conclusion involves the condemnation of the Christian religion, and the proscription of all Kings.

But admitting that the page of history was never so foully stained before, this is so far from being a reason for bringing the French under the yoke of their old despotism, that it is the strongest argument that can be found for letting them try the experiment of a new government. As the cruelty with which they are reproached has marked their conduct from the first day of the revolution, it is evident that their old government made them what they are ; for who will believe that there is any thing in the kindly climate, or grateful soil of France, to render its inhabitants ferocious, or that the taking of the Bastille in-  
filled

stilled this sudden venom into their souls? It is indeed little to be wondered at, that a people treated like brutes for so many centuries, should become like brutes when they broke their chain.

It may, perhaps, be safer in this Christian land, for the man who rejoiced that there were prisons for the libellers of a Queen, to libel a whole nation, and to advise the cutting of his fellow creatures throats from generation to generation, than it is for another to inculcate charity to our neighbours, by a candid statement of facts, and demonstrable truth. But as my tour induced me to relate the things I saw, and as these things led me naturally to the reflections that accompany the mention of them, I defy reproach, and trust that my readers will show some indulgence to the hasty production of an unskilful pen.



THE END.

## APPENDIX.

**A statement of the temper and resources of the French Nation  
at the commencement of hostilities between France and  
England, with some considerations on the relative situation  
of the two Countries.**

————— *Terrorum et fraudis abunde est;  
Stant belli causa; pugnatur cominus armis.*

VIRGIL.

**WHEN** I first gave to the public the foregoing hasty sketch of my rapid tour through the theatre of war, many of the facts and statements, of which the truth has since been evidenced by a long train of momentous events, were controverted by national hatred and contempt, reinforced by the erroneous reports of some of the public prints—reports advanced with a hardness, and believed with a credulity beyond example. Many of my other assertions may still be doubted; but delusion is an *ignis fatuus*, that dances for a moment before the imagination, and soon sinks to the miry source from whence it sprang, while the light of truth is eternally self-existent behind the transient clouds of prejudice. It is not then to vindicate my veracity, a thing that imports little to an anonymous writer, that I resume my pen: I leave that charge to time. But it is with the hope of conveying information to my countrymen, by descanting on several popular topics, which I touched but slightly before; because I did not think the public mind could have been led so lamentably astray; for my long residence abroad had made me almost an alien in my native land; and I knew little more of England than what my fellow-citizens seem to know of France.

The supposed want of hands to cultivate the lands in that country, the inattention of the French to agriculture, their general atheism, their indiscriminating cruelty, the danger attending a residence among them, the smallness of the republican party and their want of resources of every kind, are the false articles of belief that I allude to. If this belief did not influence our action, its importance would be nothing; but unfortunately, by encouraging our temerity, it becomes a creed, which, if persevered in, may chance to damn the nation.

Availing myself, therefore, of a very long and intimate acquaintance with our rival nation, I shall endeavour to present to my reader the real state of the above particulars at the moment when this deplorable war broke out, and when I was still in France, leaving him to allow for posterior occurrences. In my attempt I shall be careful “to extenuate nought, to set down nought in malice,” “and to imitate the honourable Roman in brevity.”

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That class of sagacious people, who contend that France lies a wide waste for want of cultivators, contend also, when they wish to justify their pious hope of seeing a whole nation starved, that the number of mouths to be fed is immense. In this calculation they forget that there are two hands for every mouth, and that so prodigious a population cannot easily be exhausted by the wants of the war, however great they may be. This reasoning seems fair, and I will now endeavour to back it with facts.

While we were proceeding last year from Calais towards Dunkirk, and consequently towards the theatre of war, my fellow traveller and I observed several men employed in cutting turf and laying it down on the sides of the road, which in that part was spacious. As this was evidently done more with a view to embellish than to mend, it furnished a presumption that hands could not be wanting for more necessary purposes. But when we came to Lille our presumption grew up to certainty. Six short weeks before the Austrians had over-run all the country between that town, and the since miserable Valenciennes. Well! the whole was as well cultivated as in the fairer days of peace. The very spot where stood their tents, and where many of their soldiers still lie covered with earth instead of canvas, no longer bore any traces but of the plough. One only exception may be made of a small space to which the French bombs had been directed with accurate aim, and in uncommon abundance. There the peasants were digging to find the fragments left by their subterraneous explosion.

In our passage through that part of Champaign where war had lately committed horrible ravages, and where slaughter and disease had thinned the ranks of the intruding enemy, we found many spots which held out no promise of a crop. As we were in *la Champagne Pouilleuse*, it was natural to ascribe the forlorn appearance of some of the fields to the notorious sterility of the soil; and this was certified to be the case by all the persons who answered our frequent enquiries. In other places we noticed a number of very small spaces among the springing corn, in which the blade was stronger than elsewhere, and the green of a more lively hue. Our postilion, either truly or falsely, informed us that this appearance of superior fertility was owing to the interment of the Prussian soldiers beneath those spots: a lamentable advantage indeed!

In all the rest of our tour, I can venture to assert with a safe conscience, that the country wore the same aspect to my eye, that it had done in my former peregrinations through various parts of France. How can it indeed be otherwise? The farmer has a greater interest than formerly in the amount of the harvest; nor does he, as formerly, fear lest he should be only sowing to feed his landlord's game. In our way from Fumay to Rocroi, through the dreary forest of the Ardennes, we perceived an immense opening in the wood, and felt our curiosity excited by the unusual appearance of the ground, which was thickly interspersed with the burnt stumps of trees barely rising above its surface. Upon enquiry we learned that an extensive coppice had been cut down, that straw had been burnt upon the stumps to prevent their vegetation, and wheat sown in the intervals between them. The owners of the land had made this extraordinary effort to raise corn, in consequence of its scarcity and extravagant price, upon a frontier alternately over-run by hostile and friendly armies.

I recollect no further facts furnished by my own observation; but this was not the limit of my investigation. At Paris, and on my return to Calais, I risked the imputation of impertinence by the urgency of my questions; and only found this supposed deficiency of cultivation in some degree justified by a gentleman from the vicinity of La Rochelle, who admitted that, for want of labourers in their vineyards, they had been able to give their vines no more than

four dressings instead of five. But on the other hand I learned that since the destruction of the game they sowed no more than four bushels of corn where before they sowed five; and that many pieces of waste land, and noblemens pleasure grounds had been cultivated for the produce of spring corn.

From all this we may perhaps reasonably infer that much of the scarcity complained of in France has been produced by artificial means; and that when really existing it has been only local, and owing to the jealousy of the inhabitants of those districts where it abounds, who by their ill-founded fears have obstructed its circulation.

As to the well informed French themselves, they treat the idea of a general famine as a jest. Even when the war with England and Spain, the threat of blockading all their ports, and the seizure of neutral ships laden with wheat, seemed to stop all their sources of supply, they did not lay aside their levity. What! said they, so we are not to be permitted to have corn for our money; why, then we must go and take it for nothing." Unfortunately they have kept their word but too well.

If the general reproach of atheism, cast upon the French, were not too absurd to gain credit with any considerate mind, I should take some pains to combat it. I should ask how such a system could be compatible with the ignorance of the common people, which is the never failing parent of superstition. I should ask the believers in this silly tale whether the frequent, though tardy conviction of their own credulity, springing from the same cause, should not teach them the improbability of our gallic neighbours being universally sceptics? If they can seriously believe that a whole nation made up of the same elements as themselves is to be talked out of all religion by a few refined and idle speculators, I can only say that they must have much more, and much less faith than I.

The truth is, that the number of professed atheists, in France, is not great. In eight years residence there I never met with more than three or four, besides Jacob Dupont, and my fellow traveller from Dunkirk to Lille, who was at that time president of the Council of Discipline at Paris. Among the higher orders deism is certainly frequent; but in spite of *Monsieur Linguet*, who calls it only a slight modification of atheism, and all the sophists of his school, I shall ever consider these two persuasions, like the terms by which they are expressed, as being in direct opposition to each other.

As to the common people, and many of the superior classes, as late as the month of February, 1793, they went to get colds and absolution at church as before the revolution. My readers will forgive me, if I say, that not being a Roman Catholic, curiosity rather than piety carried me thither; and there I saw them kneeling and rapt in devotion, while the priest was spitting forth the latin they did not understand, and swallowing the miraculous bread and wine, of which, according to the practice of that church, they did not obtain a share.

Helvetius, I believe, or if not Helvetius, some other French author, has remarked that the vice and cruelty of a people are always in the direct ratio of their fanaticism. I might then, in the superstition I have just mentioned, find a reason for the many atrocious actions they have committed, were there not one in my opinion more probable still. As far as my long observation goes, I am induced to believe that the opposition they have met with from so many quarters, in their attempts to establish a free government, has converted their passion for what they consider as liberty to a perfect rage. I have by accident met with several distinguished *democrats*, who expressed such abhorrence of the oppression the human species had suffered, and such indignation at the degradation to which it had been reduced under the old government, that they pretended it was real humanity to massacre the persons whose treacherous efforts

set the public welfare at hazard. Monstrous as this faith it may seem, I believe it was professed with sincerity; but I am far from attempting to justify such tenets; I believe that they had milder modes of counteraction within their reach; and I regret very little that some of them have fallen victims to the violent doctrines they inculcated. That I have, however, assigned the real reason of their cruelty, and that it is not innate in their bosoms, but suggested by circumstances, is in great measure proved by their superiour humanity to their prisoners of war, to which many of our countrymen have borne honourable testimony. I can also bear witness to the indulgence with which they treated the English, even after hostilities were declared, and to the perfect safety of their persons, even of some whose imprudent custom it was in coffee-houses, and other public places, to lavish curses on the convention, to express a hope of seeing them massacred, and to wish for the arrival of the Austrian troops at Paris. It will be found, I believe an indisputable fact, that no subject of this country has fallen a victim to revolutionary outrages, except two men who were confined in the *Hôtel de la Force* for the forgery of assignats, and who were murdered by the mob on the 2nd of September, 1792. It is a little singular that one of these persons, who attempted to run down the credit of the French nation by imposing falsehood upon the public for truth, was an Irishman, of the name of *Burke*.

Such indeed was the veneration of the French for the English name, that they tolerated improprieties in our countrymen, which they would not have pardoned in natives of other countries, or even of their own. *C'est un Anglois*, they would say, and all was forgotten. On the 10th of August, the Marseillaise, on their march to attack the Tuileries, met with a well dressed man, whom they supposed to be an *aristocrat*. They ordered him to fall into their ranks; but when they were certified that he was an Englishman, they dismissed him, after having almost stifled him with their caresses.

If, however, to conform with the fashion, I must call the French nation savages, I will only add that I lived and travelled among these savages at the beginning of the year 1793, and that I met with all the soft sweet courtesies of life, with much less of insolence about the people in office, than under the old government, so much regretted by the right honourable Mr. Burke. From Paris to Calais, on my return to England, I proceeded a great way on horseback alone, and by night in the midst of these horrible barbarians and atheists without fear, danger, or arms. In this most civilized of all possible countries could I have done the same?

I do not pretend to be a judge of the policy or necessity of the war. For that I rely on those who are intrusted with the administration of public affairs, and who enjoy the confidence of the nation; but I cannot help regretting that it will probably change the above friendly sentiments into the most determined enmity; since we ever see that the greater the kind affection that is banished from the human breast, the greater is the space it leaves for hate to enter.

I come next to the pretended inferiority of the republican party, though on what ingenious reasoning this curious supposition is founded I confess I cannot conceive. Is not the whole French nation armed? Or is not at least the number of suspected persons to whom arms are denied infinitely small in comparison; How then with proportionate means can this pitiful minority keep this respectable majority in awe, especially since the latter is backed by half the nations and two thirds of the military force of Europe? If it were possible to imagine that ten men could force twenty or thirty to fight against as many of their friends, would it be possible to believe that the enthusiasm, so generally evidenced by

by their hasty and indiscriminate levies, can be produced by compulsion? Even in la Vendée, where sacerdotal suggestions had stirred up the indignation of the fanatic inhabitants against a government, which like that of the American states, tolerates all religions, but pays no priests, were the Republicans ever out-numbered in any of the fortified towns, of which the narrow gates and cautious police precluded the influx of Royalists from other parts? Cease then ye sophistical scribblers, who bewilder the public mind, to insist upon the smallness of the Republican party, or you must admit at least that they are heroical villains, and that their foreign and domestic opponents are the most dastardly and pusillanimous of mankind.

No doubt most of the opulent whose fortunes were hurt by the new order of things, and those whom it prevented from speculating with their large capitals to overbear indigent industry, were enemies to the revolution. But la Vendée was the resort and grave of many of these, and many at a more early period, like the rich man that came to ask our Saviour on what terms he might be a Christian, "went away sorrowing, for they had large possessions."

As to their means of continuing hostilities, are they not summed up in what they themselves call *munitions de guerre et de bouche*, or food and warlike stores? of these what country ought to possess more than fertile France and her ingenious inhabitants. But their manufactures and commerce are ruined. Granted: the same hands that were employed in fabricating articles of luxury to give in exchange for foreign superfluities will labour to produce the more substantial necessities of life.—But there are no rich to pay the poor for working. Granted:—the poor will work for themselves. Add to this the emigration of so many thousand men, the loss of so many thousand more in battle, the provisions the French collect in the open country of the enemy and secure behind the chain of fortified towns that protects their own, all the land recovered to man's use from the pompous cattle that were wont to draw the equipages of the opulent, and the pleasure grounds of the nobility put into a state of cultivation; and surely this extraordinary saving and produce will supply the extraordinary consumption of the war. It only remains to determine whether 800,000 men can be supported in arms, by the labour of about sixteen or eighteen millions of adults of both sexes that remain. I believe most people will think with me, that they may.

But money is the nerve of war, it will be said, and in what state are the French finances? to be able to form some judgment of this it will be necessary to recollect that by the murder of their King they gained more than thirty annual million of livres, the amount of his income, with about ten more in annuities upon his life, granted to individuals by the state.—They save about eighty millions of livres a year more by suppressing the salaries granted to ecclesiasticks. But these are trifles when we consider that by the execution or emigration of most of the considerable stockholders they have extinguished by far the greater part of a debt nearly equal to our own. Their monthly expenditure is certainly enormous in nominal value; but the immense confiscated property which is the mortgage of their *assignats* sells in proportion. Even were that not the case, the whole flows back to the body of the people from whom it is drawn, and who are in every instance taxed according to their faculty of paying. This circulation of money may go on *ad infinitum*, as a well would be inexhaustible if the contents of one bucket were returned into it, while the other should be filling.

But if speculation in France were not kept under by the fear of the *guillotine*; if, instead of paying off the money borrowed by the sale of their lands, they were to fund it in perpetual annuities, thereby increasing the number of idle  
stock-

stockholders, and diminishing that of the industrious part of the community; if each senator were to purchase his seat for one hundred thousand livres of his constituents, that he might afterwards sell the interests of those very constituents for treble the money taken out of their own pockets; if the orators of the convention were pathetically to lament the necessity of wringing a still greater part of their scanty stipend from the hard hands of the peasantry, while adding part of it to their own useless millions; if, in short, speculation, contracts, and pensions, were to convey nearly half the revenue collected from the public at large into a few hands, where it would be sacrilege to touch it; then indeed the mine of taxation would soon be exhausted, the war would end for want of resources to carry it on, and a national bankruptcy might be expected to ensue. That the French may fall into such a system as the ideal one above described, "is a consummation devoutly to be wished" for the advantage of this country.

If they do not, the prospect before our faces is more gloomy than all we have seen in the lapse of centuries. We have attacked them in all points, and we have made them all soldiers. Even our ministers in the house of parliament call them an armed nation.

They say indeed that they will not fight in defence of atheism as we shall do in defence of religion; but will the French who still go to church be diverted from their purpose by flowers of rhetoric? or shall we find our metaphysical speculations a defence against the pointed argument of a bayonet in the hands of republican soldiers of war proof and desperate enthusiasm? will our common people defend us? to their utmost they will. But our peasantry who were the terror of Europe when well fed are enervated by want, since the price of the necessaries of life is doubled, while their wages remain nearly the same. Our manufacturers, whose number is lamentably increased with the excessive increase of trade and luxury, are what a sedentary life must make them; and all are alike strangers to arms. This is no declamation: the English soldiers in the late campaign nobly maintained their reputation of bravery, while they proved themselves altogether unequal to the hardships endured by the German troops. In a short march of twenty miles out of about six hundred of the guards one hundred fainted in the ranks, and similar instances have so frequently occurred that the Austrians have been heard to say, that a hundred British make ten soldiers. Even the administration of this country seems aware of the deplorable degeneracy of our men by the introduction of foreign troops; and good Alderman Newnham, who is an alarmist like me, calls out in the house of commons for a few thousand Hessian automata to protect eight millions of free-born Britons.

————— *Infernis patriæ, veterumque Decorum* —————  
————— *miseretque, pudetque* —————

But our natural element is still our own, and still we can boast an *invincible armada*. We can. Let us remember however with the wary Shylock, that ships are but boards, and sailors but rats." Let us *fair-weather jacks* listen also to the able seamen who tell us, that in the winter, or in the season of the equinox, or in any other when a fresh breeze makes our coast a lee shore, it is impossible for a fleet to keep the sea in the channel without infinite hazard. Now a *fresh* breeze on our coast is the very weather that would be chosen by those methodical madmen, the French, who do not take into their calculation, either the feasibility of a return, or the probability of a failure. What indeed is a failure to them? what is the loss of 100,000 men out of their countless multitudes of militia, in comparison of the uncalculable mischief they would do if landed in the south of our island? and lost they would not be; for after they should have thrown this country into confusion, burnt a part of our trading or military marine, and shaken the credit of the nation, still we could not

refuse

refuse them quarter or capitulation without incurring the just reproach of ferocity, after having invaded France in several parts, menaced a descent in several others, and set fire to her ports, her arsenals and shipping.

But admitting for a moment even the absurd supposition that our fleet can at all times protect every part of our coast, because superior to that of the enemy, have we any assurance that it will remain for ever the same? Woe to the good people of England, if in that respect they rely on the ignorance of paragraph writers, who pretend, that by the capture or combustion of a dozen ships of the line, we have crippled the French navy for a century! In the last war did they not build, in ninety-one days, the *Pegase*, of 74 guns, now one of the finest and fastest sailing ships in our navy? And is not the order given, by their national convention, to cut down all the timber in the immense mountains of Savoy, of which the sides are skirted with stout oaks, and the summits crowned with pines of the loftiest growth, a sufficient note of their intention to vindicate the dominion of the sea?

The swift stream of these hasty considerations has flowed spontaneously from the writer's pen. If they contain information positive enough, or reasoning sufficiently conclusive, to carry conviction to the mind, he begs his readers not to suffer their judgment to be afterwards seduced by representations of a contrary colour. This request is not so superfluous as it may at first appear; for there are many well-meaning people who will readily believe that two and two make four; but who, if you take any pains to persuade them, will believe that three and three quarters and one anda half make four also. If however the author's statement of facts, and his fearful speculations obtain no credit, he can only say, that with no malice prepense has he sat down to second either the intention ascribed to ministers, of spreading groundless alarm, or the desire imputed to opposition, of casting an odium upon the war. Alike a stranger to all parties, he sincerely wishes that his fears may prove fallacious, and that we may never have reason to repeat, when calling to mind the loud outcry for war in our senate,

— *Infandum cuncti contra omina bellum,  
Contra fata Deum, perverso numine poscunt.*

End of the Appendix;

